



# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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MAY 1909

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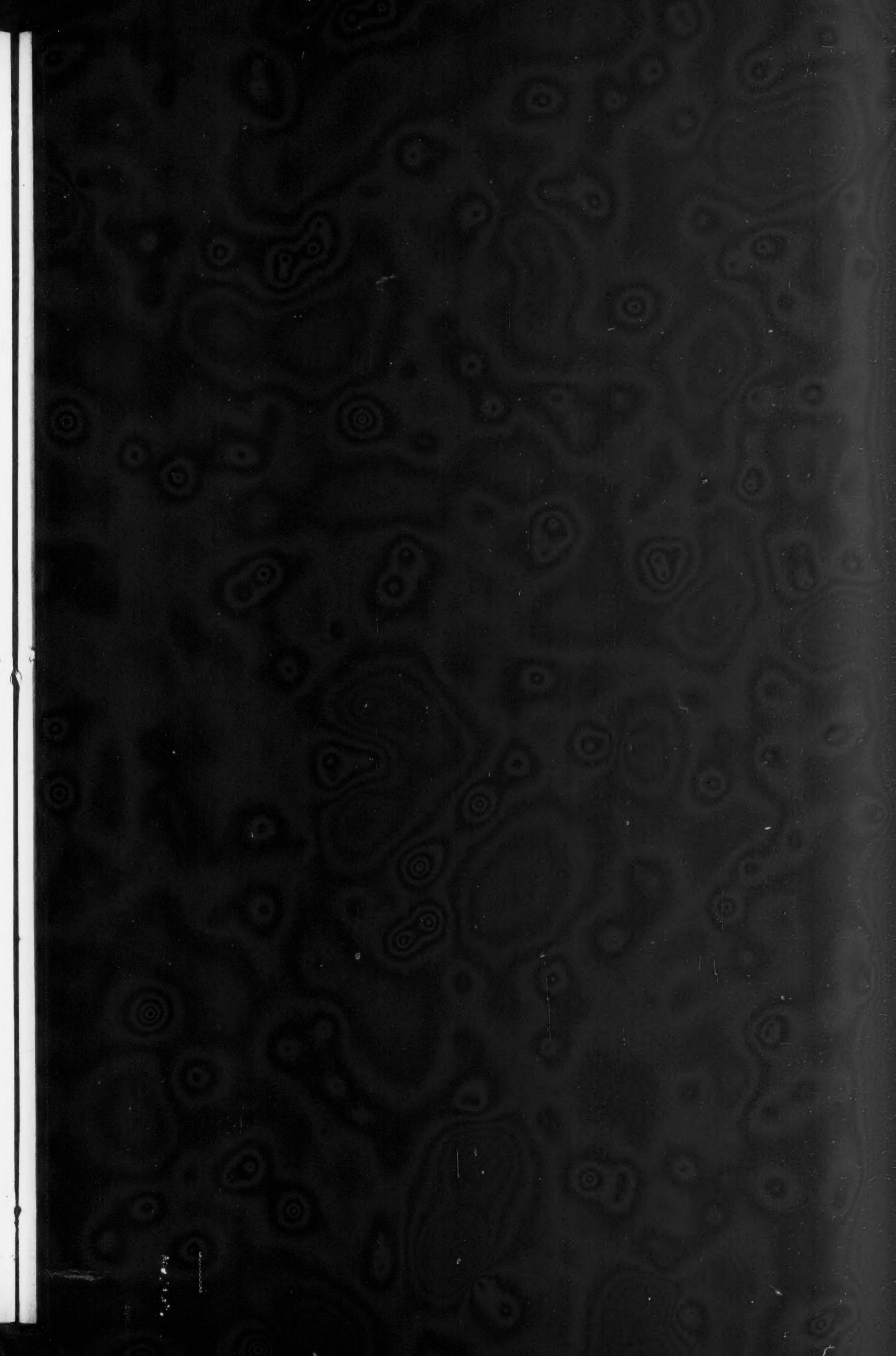
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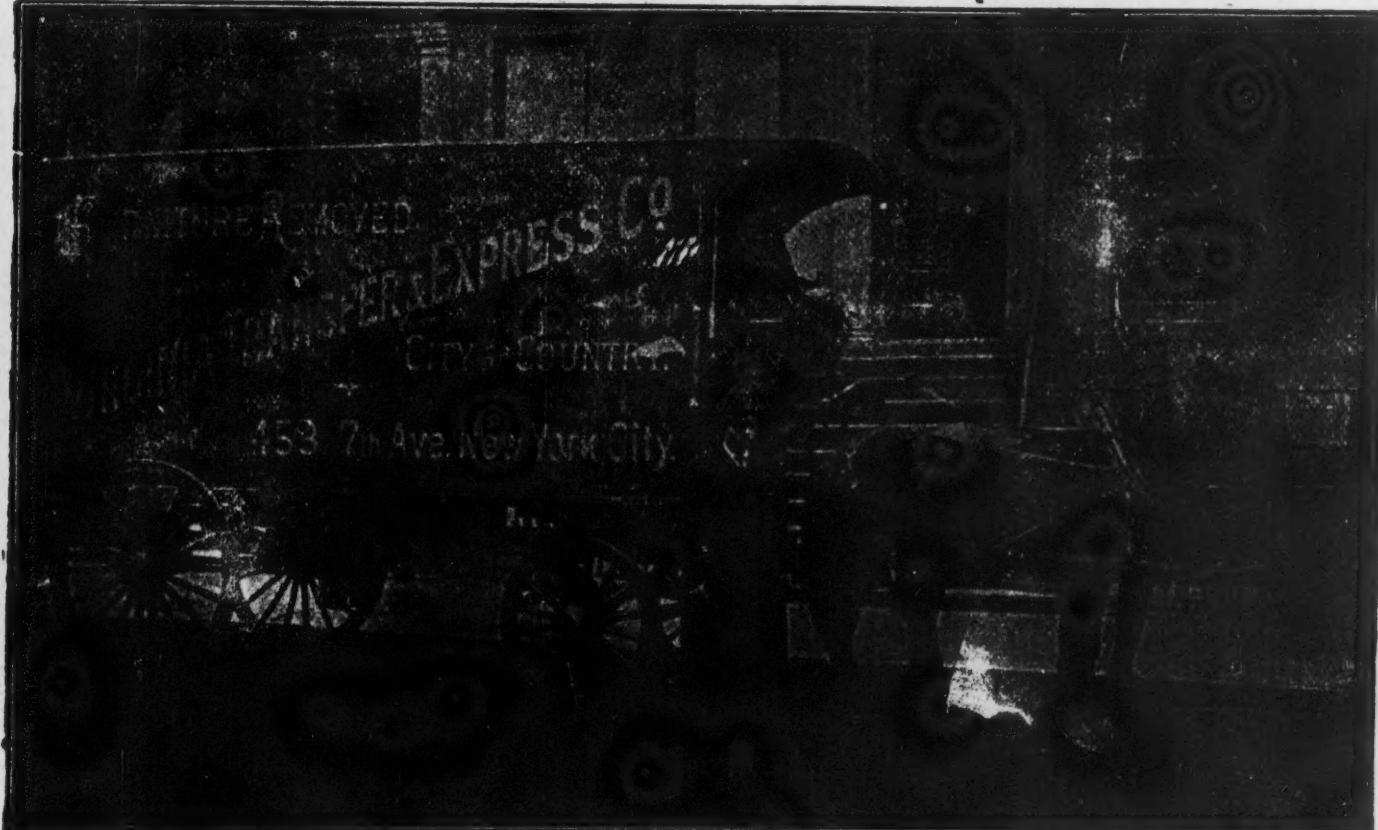




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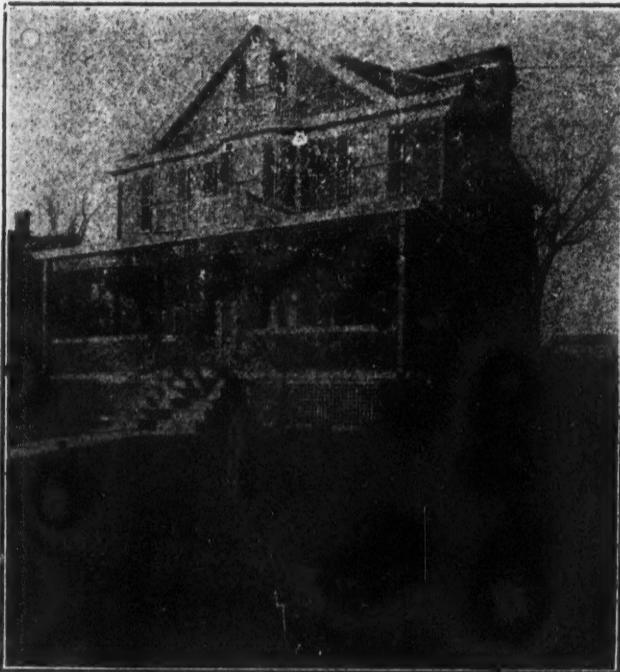
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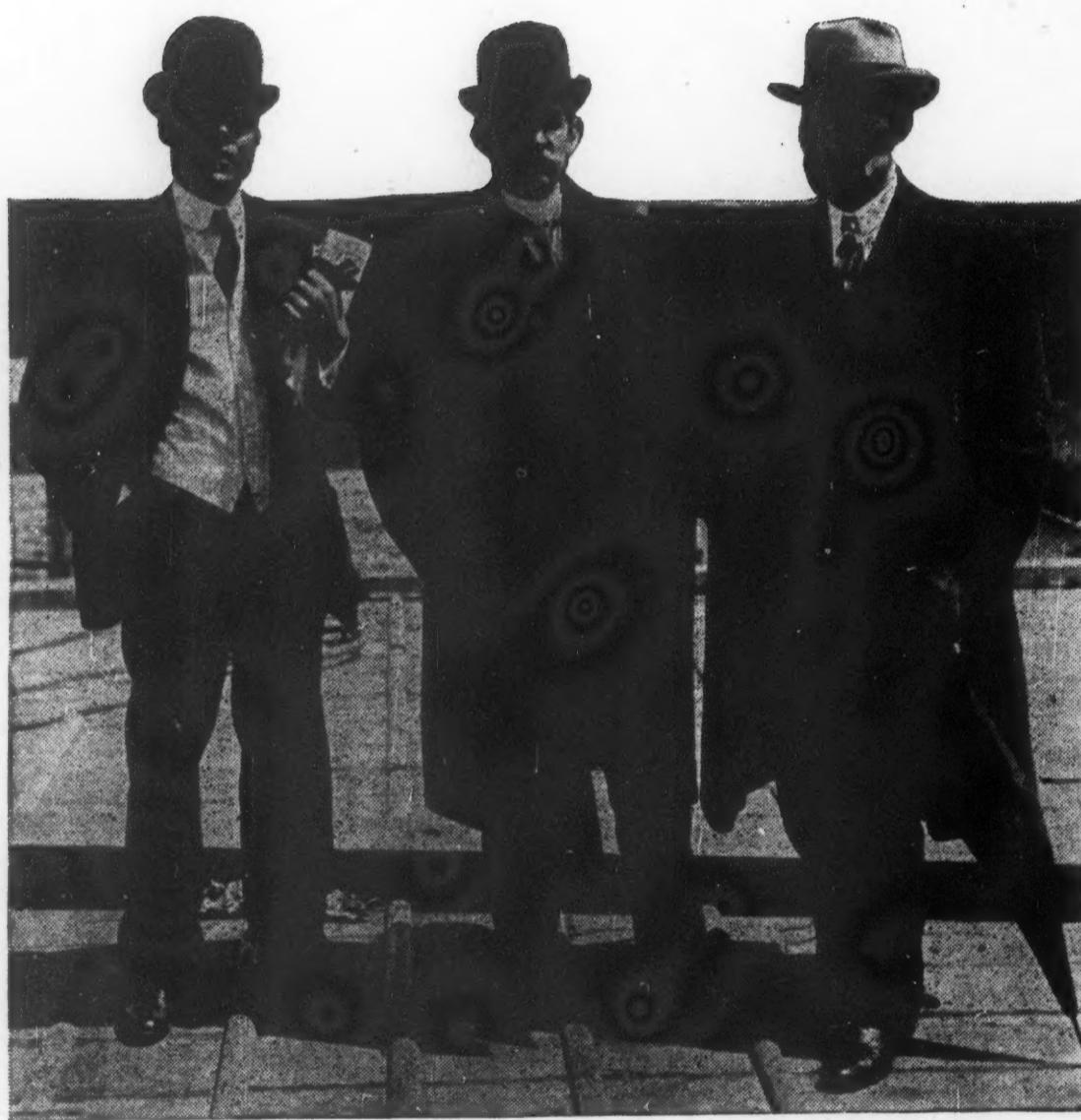
# The Colored American Magazine

GEORGE W. HARRIS, Editor

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### The Liberian Commission

Reading from right to left—Emmett J. Scott, Roland Post Falkner and Dr. George Sale.

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1909

NO. 5

## THE MONTH

**F**ROM a purely national point of view the month of April was one of neither quietude nor of noise. Save from the disturbing tinkerings upon the tariff and the cornering of the wheat supply by Patten, of Chicago, it might be said that nothing remarkably unusual transpired during the month. Perhaps no other factor added more to the prolonged period of business suspense, still held vise-like by the tariff changing, than the stormy weather of the month. During the very closing days of April a storm nation-wide of phenomenal severity swept the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf. In the Southern States along the Mississippi, many lives, estimated generally at about two hundred, were lost, and much damage to property and the growing crops is reported.

### POLITICAL

Politically nothing of great interest has taken place. President Taft has continued his salving of the South, trying to secure a workable friendship, to inspire confidence and hope in the South. No reflection can or is here made upon the President's method. But in an address on General Grant at Philadelphia and in his reception of Southern Senators and visitors, the President has displayed his characteristic frank and open-minded efforts toward a better understanding and a closer nationality. Attorney-General Wickersham in New York City a few days later sounded the keynote of the administration's corporation policy, declaring that the price of peace is obedience to law. Secretary of War Dickinson spoke to splendid effect upon the Southern situation before the Chicago Southern Club a few days previous. He said:

"The South has been much disposed to recent criticism from the outside and and to stifle it at home. There can be no more fatal bar to progress. There will always be some there as is always the case elsewhere, who prefer the sway of prejudice, who would rather continue conditions, that foster appeals to ignorance and passion, who would rather rule in a stagnant civilization than be relegated to the obscurity that awaits them when better ideals prevail and a leadership that embraces in its patriotism the entire country is successful."

An interesting situation has developed around the fight for the postmastership at Florence, S. C., at present held by the Negro postmaster, Joshua Wilson. The reappointment of Mr. Wilson by President Roosevelt was not confirmed by the Senate and it has been stated that President Taft would appoint a white man for the post.

One of the three presidential postmaster appointments held by Negroes and carrying a \$2,100 annual salary, there has been a lively scramble among white applicants for the place. The preferred candidate for the place, it appears, was a Northerner, resident in Florence. Upon this phase of the fight centers a sharp controversy between the State's elements as led by the *Charleston News and Courier* on the one side, the *Columbia State* on the other. The *State*, the medium of the best Southern opinion, said editorially last week: "But hearing there was a likelihood of the President appointing a Pennsylvanian, a temporary sojourner, to the postmastership, Mr. Ellerbe called upon Mr. Taft and pro-

tested. And Congressman Ellerbe is right. An honest respectable and capable Negro of the vicinage would be less objectionable than a white Republican who would recall the trying period of Carpet Bag rule." For this that despicable organ of Southern bourbonism the *Charleston News and Courier* reproaches the *State*, replying: "The only safe rule, by which we can live and work is that the best Negro is a worse man in public office than the most unworthy white man can be." "A white skin is the primary qualification for holding office in the Southern States."

The fight at the present time, it is said, is between the remaining white Republican candidate and the Negro incumbent. Against the white aspirant Howard Cassell, serious charges were some time ago preferred and these charges are now awaiting action.

The regularly recurring Negro-disfranchisement bill in the Florida Legislature was passed by that State's Senate and voted down by its Legislature last week. Because of eleven absentees at the first vote, this, the boldest and baldest measure to eliminate the Negro, we have seen, will be reconsidered. But as before the progressive elements of the State, the prohibitionists and those who recognized the utter unconstitutionality of the measure will doubtless again prevail. The Beard resolution as it is called provided that every white person a citizen at the time of registration would be a qualified voter. This was literally class legislation and not even a Florida Court could for an instant enforce or refuse to nullify it.

## EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH

The Twelfth Annual Conference for education in the South, which met in Atlanta April 14, 15, 16, beyond question was the largest and most successful conference on education ever held in the South.

Hundreds of distinguished educators and philanthropists were gathered from all parts of the country. Under the inspiration of Robert C. Ogden, the retired New York merchant, they discussed Southern school problems with a frankness that was as honest as it was helpful. Remarkable indeed was the ovation given President Ogden, who now for quite a decade has made the education of the white child as well as the black child his business. Thanks very largely to his own efforts and to the influence of the conference and the Southern Education Board, sixteen millions of dollars in Southern State appropriations for education have been added in the last few years. Equally remarkable were the strong addresses made by Gov. Hoke Smith of Georgia and President Mitchell of the University of South Carolina. In the course of the former's address he not only urged Negroes to isolate themselves in white communities, but placed education above all other problems. While the latter declared that if the South would solve her problems, it must let her conscience guide, it must break the inherited chains of ignorance, intolerance and bigotry. Aside from the direct uplift through education of the five millions of poor and degraded whites of the South, the greatest contribution of the movement has been its education of

public sentiment. It is, together with the Jeanes Fund Board, educating the South to the tolerance and necessity of Negro education.

At the forty-first anniversary of the Founding of Hampton Institute, celebrated during the first days of the current month, the annual commencement exercises were also held. Dr. Booker T. Washington, Hampton's most distinguished graduate, was the principal speaker and made a notable address.

## PERFECT WONDER IN IMPROVEMENT

We are glad to reproduce here the communication of an old and enthusiastic patron of the Colored American Magazine. The magazine is indeed sorry to learn that there is this lack of interest. That there should exist anywhere the indifference among young Negroes, our correspondent has found is discouraging to such friends in its reflection upon the progress of our people. To the hurtful judgment thus made upon them, to the vital need of giving larger support to Negro publications, Negroes everywhere should awake.—EDITOR.

To the Editor of the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE:

I enclose check for subscription past due and do not desire the Magazine any longer, as my plan to enlist the interest of the colored boys here employed was not at any time successful. In fact I have been surprised and disappointed in my black fellow citizens in New York that they do not express more interest in your Magazine. You have been through troubled waters and have done perfect wonders in the way you have improved this remarkably unique publication. I wish you all the success you so richly deserve.

Yours very truly, JOSIAH C. PUMPLEY.  
New York City, April 6, 1909.

# Georgia Negroes

By W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS

That Georgia Negroes have made progress, and that they are among the most progressive of the South is at once apparent to any traveler through that State. But the Negroes in that State in 1863 were worth fifty thousand dollars and that in 1907 they were worth fifty millions of dollars are two facts as little known as they are startling, as they are indicative of the phenomenal strides in wealth and industry, the Negroes of the so-called "Cracker State" have made. The following article from the painstaking pen of the Atlanta *Economist* is worthy of the serious consideration of every student and every member of the race. The more remarkable indeed is this highly encouraging contribution from Prof. DuBois in the light of his past persistent and wilful pessimism on the race's outlook. But so completely enveloped is that splendid student of facts by the rising, throbbing wave of progress of his black fellow citizens, that he finds himself unconsciously admitting it—aye, proclaiming it. He is quite unable to close his eyes to their actual, increasing separation from slavery. Let any such Negro discouraged, despairing and chafing under the restraints and embarrassments of the present day, review the depths from which the race has come, and then let him look about him. Let him realize the meaning of the progress of Georgia Negroes.—EDITOR.

**O**NE state in the Union has kept a series of economic measurements of the freedman and his sons for a period of thirty-five consecutive years. Two other states have recent partial records, but Georgia alone has an account of Negro property from Reconstruction times to the present. To the facts and meaning of these figures I want to call attention.

The slave was practically penniless when freed. The 3,500 free Negroes of Georgia, and the semi-free, city artisans hiring their time, may have had as much as \$50,000 worth of property throughout the state in 1863, but this is doubtful. Probably they did not have half that much. Emancipation, therefore, spelled poverty, complete, and dire poverty, to

the black men who for the first time were left on their own resources.

The Government gave temporary outdoor relief, and, by hiring large numbers of black soldiers and laborers, distributed a fund of ready cash. Only one attempt at permanently solving the problem of poverty was made in Georgia. This was a distribution among the fugitives of semi-swamp lands in the southeast part of the state. Much of this land was subsequently taken back, but some was sold at nominal prices for back taxes, and the titles of many of the black occupiers were thus confirmed. But this merely touched the outskirts of a larger problem of land for the landless. Still the nation hesitated, and finally withdrew, leaving the freedman in economic slavery.

Then the struggle began and lasts to

**our** day—the struggle of the black man to earn a living, maintain a home, and lay aside savings for the future. These official figures of the State of Georgia give an indication of the progress that has been made.

From the almost nothing of 1863, the Georgia Negro had come to the place, in 1907, where he was assessed at twenty-five millions of dollars. This does not include untaxed church and school property, and, as the assessments in Georgia are very low, this amount probably is not more than 50 per cent. of the market value of all property. So that we may hazard the estimate that Georgia Negroes have saved about fifty million dollars.

Turning now to the details of this saving, one is especially interested in the land. The Negroes of Georgia own to-day a twenty-fourth part of the soil of the state and nearly one-twentieth of the cultivated land. Their holdings amount to 1,420,888 acres, or 2,220 square miles—a tract of land larger than Delaware (2,050 square miles). It is assessed at \$7,149,225, but it is worth nearly \$15,000,000, which was the price the United States paid for the Louisiana Purchase.

This, however, does not mean that all who have bought land have held it. On the contrary, the losses have been large and continuous. Probably for every acre owned by a black man to-day in Georgia an acre has been lost by some other. But so all-pervasive is the land-hunger that, as the failures dropped out, the ranks have been more than filled, and the amount of land held by Negroes has increased steadily. The rise of the land values shows more variation. At first,

Negroes bought waste land, an average assessed value of which was a little more than \$3. This went on for the first ten years, and then the old land became more valuable, and higher-priced, new land was bought until the average assessed value per acre rose to \$4 in 1895, and to \$5.03 in 1905. The farm land held by Negroes in 1907 was assessed at \$5.49 per acre, which was higher than the average value of the farm lands of the state (\$5.28).

Mere totals, however, teach but little; for a half-dozen large owners, rich by good luck, may raise the average and give a false appearance of prosperity to a poverty-stricken mass. A careful examination of typical counties indicates the following approximate division of land throughout the state.

#### GROWTH IS GENERAL.

A little less than a third of the owners have small garden spots or house lots outside the city limits, comprising about a sixtieth of the total land owned. Another portion of the population, slightly less than a third, have the traditional 40 acres, comprising an eighth of the land owned. A sixth of the owners hold a little over a sixth of the land in parcels between 50 and 100 acres, while something less than a fifth hold nearly half the land in tracts from 100 to 300 acres. The remaining quarter of the land is held by that thirtieth part of the Negro owners who are the large landlords of the race. Comparing this with the condition seven years earlier, we find the smaller holdings growing larger, but no growth in the relative proportion of large landlords.

The number whose land holdings are

worth less than \$100 have decreased from nearly a half to a little more than a third in seven years, while the proportion of land of that low value has decreased nearly one-half. The land holdings worth from \$100 to \$300 are still in the hands of a third of the owners, but they have decreased relatively to the higher values. Holdings worth \$500 or more have increased in proportion, constituting now nearly 60 per cent. of the total value and held by one-sixth of the owners.

We see, then, a wide distribution of small holdings among a mass of people with little apparent tendency to concentration, but evidences of a general advance in prosperity among them all. Perhaps a more intimate glance at one county will make this phase of the situation still clearer. Liberty County is covered with sand and swamps. It is perhaps the most interesting black county in Georgia. In 1695, a Harvard graduate led a colony of New England Puritans from Dorchester, Mass., to South Carolina. The place selected, however, proved unhealthy, and, attracted by Oglethorpe's Georgia, they secured a grant of 32,000 acres of land on the present site of Liberty County and removed there in 1752. They already owned slaves, and thus there came to the colony 280 whites and 536 Negroes. During the Revolution, in spite of the number of its slaves, the town of Darien adopted strong resolutions against slavery. The slaves were well treated, were received in equal fellowship in the church, their family life carefully protected so that to this day mulattoes are rare in the

county, and often asylum was offered here for fugitive slaves. Liberty County voted solidly against secession. After the Civil War, the land there was largely thrown on the market. At Woodville, Ogeechee, and Belmont, colonies of Negroes united and bought land, and they now own 56,000 acres.

The increase in the value of stock shows great variations, due in part to the custom among landlords of selling mules to their tenants subject to a chattel mortgage. The foreclosing of these mortgages after a bad season, or the rapid buying of mortgaged stock after a good season, makes the increase a fluctuating line. While a considerable proportion is still mortgaged, this proportion is certainly decreasing. The tools used on Negro farms are still few and simple, consisting mainly of the plow and hoe, with some more complicated machinery like cotton-planters, although in recent years there has been a notable increase in the use of better tools.

When we turn now to the methods of farming, we find two great economic-movements in Georgia and throughout the South. One is the progressive breaking up of the great plantations of slavery time. This movement has been accelerated by the land-hunger of the Negro peasant. The other movement is the concentration of the ownership of these small farms in a few hands. Three hundred Georgia landlords own twenty or more farms each, comprising more than 600,000 acres in all.

The large farmer, facing a labor famine, lets out his farm on shares or to rent; and, when tenants fail, he has re-

course to vagrant laws and to encouraging immigration. Immigrant labor is, however, more difficult to "hold" than Negro labor, is more land-hungry, and knows more of modern enterprise. Thus the peasantry are pressing the landlords hard. Amid it all, farm land is growing more and more valuable, overtopping to-day its value before the war, when it included the bodies of men.

Negroes more and more dislike the plantation methods of controlling labor, and farmers facing a labor famine are particularly incensed at the numbers of Negro idlers, loafers, and criminals in cities, and make regular efforts by means of drastic vagrant laws to force them to work. From this attitude and its widespread discussion has arisen the idea that the city Negro is typified by the shiftless, idle class which is usually in evidence on the streets. Statistics throw much light on this point.

One of the phenomena of emancipation was the migration of Negroes from country to city. The city had nameless attractions for the field hand, and great waves of immigrants rushed cityward on the first appearance of the Northern armies. Then came a subsidence, when many disappointed sightseers and idlers returned to work in the field. This was followed by a second, steadier wave of migration, which increased Georgia's Negro town population from 40,000 in 1870 to 160,000 in 1900. Nearly 85 per cent. of the Georgia Negroes still live in the country, and it is often represented that only the idle and vicious come to town to escape honest toil. This is not borne out by the figures of the increase

of city real estate, nor by the fact that the town Negroes, representing a little more than 5 per cent. of the population, own nearly 25 per cent. of the property. The individuals of the city group surpass the countrymen in individual wealth, but here again property is pretty evenly divided and the well-to-do are few in proportion. The contrast between 1906 and 1899 is more striking in the city group, showing that, in 1899, a small number of the richer Negroes owned more than a fifth of all the property, while more than 25 per cent. of the poorer ones had but 4 per cent. in sums under \$100. To-day the distribution is much more equitable.

#### SURMOUNTED DIFFICULTIES.

The property of the Georgia Negroes has been accumulated with difficulty. There are few encouragements or inducements for the poor to save in Georgia. Wages are low, the race problem tends to lower self-respect, happenings like the Atlanta riot decrease confidence, and the laws do not adequately protect the poor against cheating and fraud. Despite this, saving is possible. First, there is the soil, abused but still rich; and then there is the sheer physical fact of the presence of a laboring force of a million human beings. The races have increased evenly in Georgia, almost step by step.

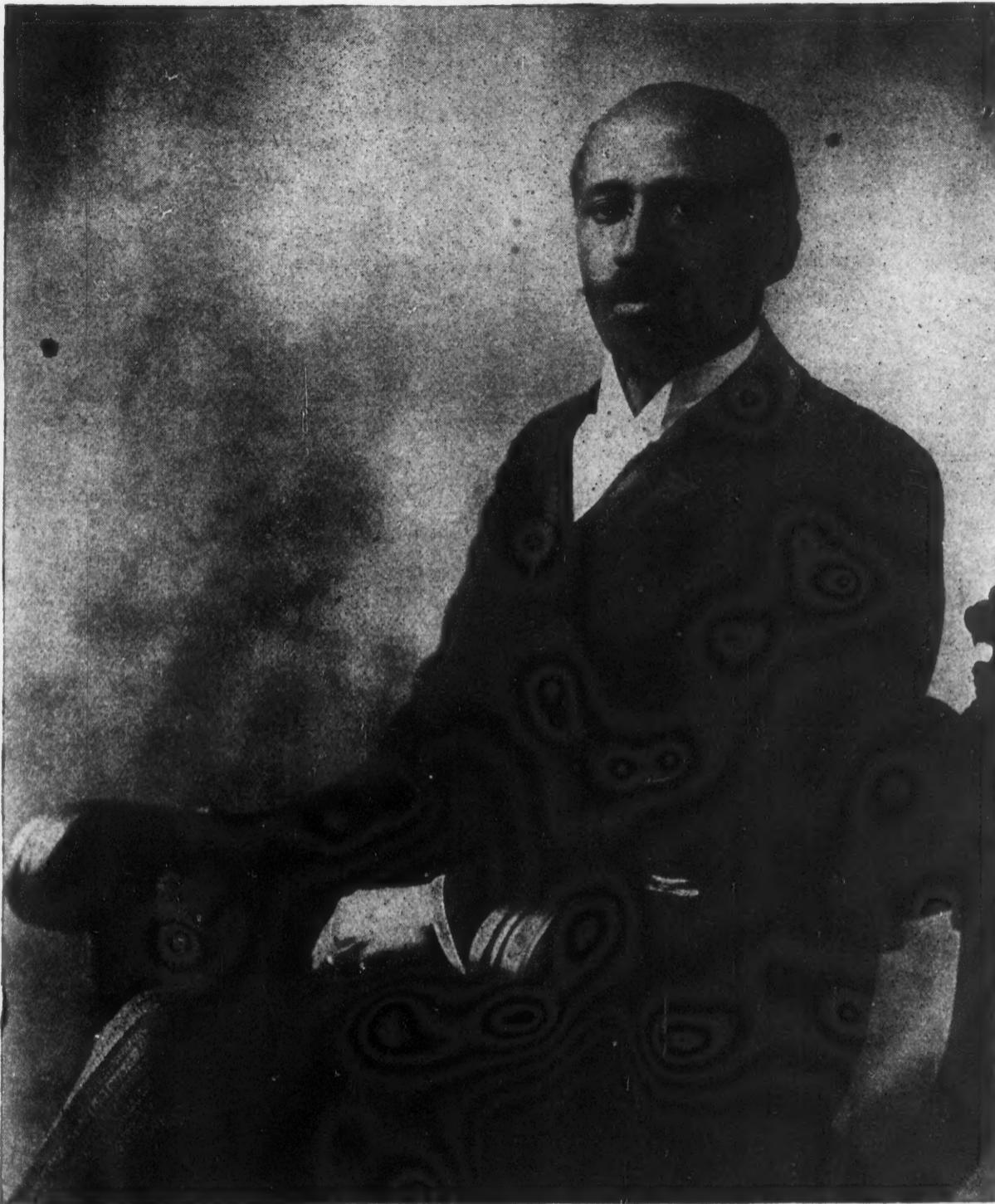
Until 1863, 99 per cent. of the blacks were slaves. Still it is not correct to say that the white Georgians owned them, since two-thirds of the whites held no slaves at all, but were themselves the economic victims of the system, and, as is so humanly characteristic, hated and despised the Negroes as tools and supplanters. The large slaveholders formed

but 20 per cent. of the population and held 90 per cent. of the slaves.

This explains much post-bellum history. To the non-slaveholding whites the Negro was a contemptible interloper, supplanting him in his natural right to earn a living and held over him by the fostering arm of the slaveholder. The slave, on the other hand, looked on the non-slaveholder with his master's eyes. When freedom came, the poorer whites still regarded the Negroes as their economic rivals, and proceeded to use political power against them and their masters. The control of political power came into the hands of the large number of whites who had had little power before. It did not, however, extend to the Negroes. The Negro was partially crushed beneath the new political heel and beneath the new economic power. Yet, Negro labor was needed, and, despite sentiment and rivalry, the Negro could earn a living. His occupations were menial; preferment in all lines was slow, and in many lines impossible; his wages were low, and his avenues of expenditure limited. Nevertheless, he is making a living and even saving something. How is he doing it?

If we look at the Negro bread-winners in 1900, we find that 41 per cent. are still farm laborers, that is, economically nearest to slavery. Some still occupy old slave cabins, many live on the same plantations, and tens of thousands in the immediate neighborhood where their fathers served. They form a great, ignorant, largely unawakened mass of serfs. Next above them are the 34 per cent. of laborers and servants. They are Negroes

who have left the plantation to work on railroads, in lumber camps, and as servants and laborers in cities and towns. They are better paid, freer, and more intelligent, and are in part successors of the old house-servant class, the best trained of the slaves. Only in part, however, do they represent this class, for the sons of the house servants have largely gone to higher economic levels, leaving only a tradition of house service to guide the rising field hands—a fact that Southern housewives forget. These laborers and servants can be roughly divided into two classes—one a class of steady workers, good-natured, obliging, and fairly efficient, with here and there numbers of highly efficient, semi-skilled and trusted men. Such Negroes are saving money, and, with the other higher economic classes, have an assured economic foothold. Part of this class of laborers and servants, however, are less satisfactory. They have progressed far enough to revolt against being dumb, driven cattle, but not far enough to see a clear way to escape. They form an inefficient group of casual workers, having little heart or interest in their work, spending carelessly, and saving little or nothing. From their lower ranks come crime, and the progress of the Negro is, by the casual onlooker, measured by the emergence of this class, which is largely in evidence on city streets and in average kitchens. The next step brings us to the independent farmer. Here, again, there are obvious divisions. In 1900, the Negro farmers in Georgia were divided in this way: landowners, 14 per cent.; renters, 42 per cent.; share tenants, 44 per cent.



W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS

The share tenants are often but a degree better off than farm laborers, and it is only the better part of the renters and the owners that are independent farmers in the modern sense. Above the farmers come classes of assured economic footing—the 20,000 artisans, the 5,000 min-

isters, teachers, and physicians, and the 3,000 merchants. Some of the artisans and seamstresses are poorly trained and paid, but other artisans are masters; the ministers as a class receive far more than their mental and moral equipment deserves; but physicians and teachers are

well trained; and the merchants are unusually successful in a field far removed from slavery and its teaching.

The merchant is one of the most interesting figures among the new Negroes. Slavery trained farmers, servants, laborers, and a few artisans, but no merchants. Of all vocations, then, this has been hardest for the Negro to learn. Figures of stocks carried by Negro merchants, although undoubtedly very incomplete, show that they have increased in value from about \$50,000 in 1899 to more than \$200,000 in 1907, although the increase has not been at all steady.

One thing needs to be said in concluding. These figures are absolute proof of nothing, but they are certainly helpful. If they teach anything, they teach that the tendency to save, here manifest, should be encouraged. It is not being encouraged to-day. An old washerwoman came to me last fall when, apparently because of a land speculation in Cuba, the Neal Bank of Atlanta had

failed. This bank had thousands of dollars of Negroes' small savings, which its president had solicited. This woman had lost her all in the failure—\$200—which stood between her and the poverty of old age. But she had lost more than \$200—she had lost hope—hope which even the slow repayment of 40 per cent. of her loss has not restored. Three times the chief Negro depositories of savings have failed in Atlanta. In the country there are no savings-banks. The savings of black Georgia in country districts have been made in spite of the absence of the most primitive facilities for saving. Usually, the only dependence of these poor peasants is the personal honesty of some white landlord. Much of this accumulated wealth is a monument to the honesty of such men. But alas! there is no corresponding record of the loss of money and courage through systematic cheating and chicanery. What the Negro needs, and what the South needs, are postal savings-banks.

## Editors' Notes

Prof. Kelly Miller's article "The Ultimate Race Problem" will positively appear in the June number of the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



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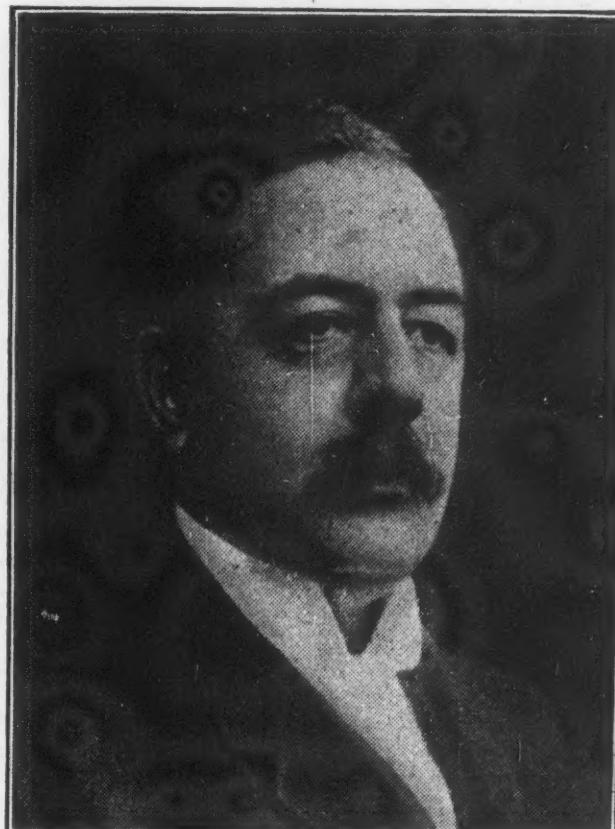
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## AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON



**T**HAT dreaded "white plague" is claiming far too many victims of the race in Washington. It is not a grim spectre merely. It is a monster, voracious and rapacious, and each year records an increase in the number of colored men and women upon whose tombstone it chisels the simple, but horrible word "Tuberculosis." Back in the alleys where poverty guards egress and exit; within little rooms where are crowded far too many poor black adults and minors, and where the sanitary arrangements are but meager, tuberculosis germs multiply and run riot. The colored people of Washington are beginning to awake to the awful trail of death this scourge is leaving in its wake. The Tuberculosis Congress, which convened in this city last winter, is directly responsible for the organization formed, among the colored residents, to fight consumption. The moving and active spirits in this organization are not only the physicians, but the professors at Howard University, school teachers, and laymen in general. Dr. J. R. Wilder is

the head of this society to fight the spread of the white plague. He, with Dr. Geo. W. Cabiness and Dr. A. M. Curtis are indefatigable in their efforts to wipe out, or reduce to the minimum this death-tipped disease. The colored people of Washington will, perhaps,



DR. J. R. WILDER



DR. A. M. CURTIS

never fully realize, or appreciate the debt they owe these physicians, and others who are active in the crusade. When you stop to consider that in his efforts to estop the ravishes of the white plague, which is a gratuitous work, the physician is cutting off a source of income, you can appreciate what a great humanitarian a physician is. Doctors Wilder, Cabiness and Curtis and their brother physicians, and all who are contributing to the eradication of this dreaded disease are really patriots to the cause of health, and to the uplift of their race.

The social and economic aspects of the tuberculosis problem, in its relation

to American industry, are being studied closely by the federal government. A great deal of valuable data is being collected and published by the bureau of labor, and the same is worthy of study by every one.

The problem of occupation mortality and tuberculosis, with special reference to that period of life at which the degree of consumption frequency is most excessive, may be briefly stated as follows: The census mortality rate of 1900 for men in gainful occupations was 15.0 per 1000, and the consumption death rate 2.4, or 16.0 per cent. of the mortality from all causes. Among men in manufacturing and mechanical industries the general death rate was 13.8 per 1000 and the consumption death rate 2.6, or 18.8 per cent. of the mortality from all causes. Among the men in agricultural, transportation and other outdoor occupations (and of these the race constitutes a large proportion) the general death rate was 15.8 per 1000, and the consumption death rate 1.5, or 9.5 per cent. of the mortality from all causes.

Estimating the wage-earning population—males and females—of the United States at ages 15 or over for 1908 at 31,768,943, and assuming a consumption death rate among this element of the population at 2.2 per 1000, the number of deaths from consumption among wage-earners during 1908 would be, approximately, 69,892.

Since it is impossible, by intelligent factory inspection and control, and with special regard for ventilation—that is, the removal of injurious dust particles

at the point of their origin—to almost entirely eliminate the conditions injurious to health and life in factories and workshops and industry generally, it is reasonable to assume, to a fundamental principle of sanitary legislation, that the consumption death rate among wage-earners can be reduced, by intelligent methods, to a ratio as low as 1.5 per 1000.

It is unfortunately true that colored people do not give that attention to ventilation that we should, and especially is this true as to our churches and lodge rooms. We seem to hesitate about admitting the pure ozone.

On the basis above mentioned such a reduction would result in an actual saving of approximately 22,333 human lives.

Since the average age at death of persons 15 years or over dying from consumption in the registration area of the United States is 37.4 years, and probably not much more than 32 years for persons employed in strictly dusty trades, and since the normal average age at death in the mortality from all causes for persons 15 years or over is 32.8 years, there would be an average expected gain of at least 15.4 years of life for every death from consumption avoided by rational conditions of industrial life.

Such a gain would represent a total of 342,465 years of additional lifetime, and by just so much the industrial efficiency of the American nation would be increased.

If we place the economic value or net result of a year's lifetime at only \$200,

the total average economic gain to the nation would be \$3,060 for every avoidable death of a wage-earner from consumption, representing the enormous total of \$68,493,000 as the aggregate annual financial value in the probable saving in years of adult human life. With such results clearly within the range of practical attainment, nothing within reason should be left undone as a national, state and individual or social duty to prevent that needless, but now enormous, loss of human life from consumption. And among the colored race of this country is a broad and fertile field for labor by those whose duty it is to fight tuberculosis.

\* \* \*

Two of the most interesting women in Washington are Mrs. Carrie Lang-



MRS. CARRIE LANGSTON

ston, widow of the late John M. Langston, the once peerless race leader, and Mrs. Josephine Bruce, widow of the late Senator Blanch K. Bruce. The former, although three score and ten, is as bright and as entertaining a conversationalist as she was when she presided over the legation, and the beautiful receptions given therein, at Port-au-Prince, when her husband was the American minister to Haiti. She has a wonderful memory, and it is a veritable treat to listen to her musical voice as she recalls the reminiscences of ye olden times. She is a courtly lady, loved by every one, for her cleverness, her intelligence, and her rare womanly traits. Quite too feeble to move around in society as was once her custom, she seldom leaves the pretty old Langston residence, but all society loves to visit her at home. She is now, when years are considered, in the gloaming, but in mind she is still of the present, and a most illuminating present. Beautiful, sweet, bright matron of three score and ten.

Mrs. Bruce is the personification of dignity. She reminds one, in her conversation and bearing, of one of the aristocratic dames that presided over some baronial castle. Mrs. Bruce, still in the noontime of life, is an interesting, and familiar figure at most of the exclusive social affairs. She is of that type of woman that hold their comeliness with a touch of youth, and that type of woman that commands attention. Like that elder matron, Mrs. Langston, Mrs. Bruce is a charming conversationalist, thoroughly informed on all public ques-



MRS. JOSEPHINE BRUCE

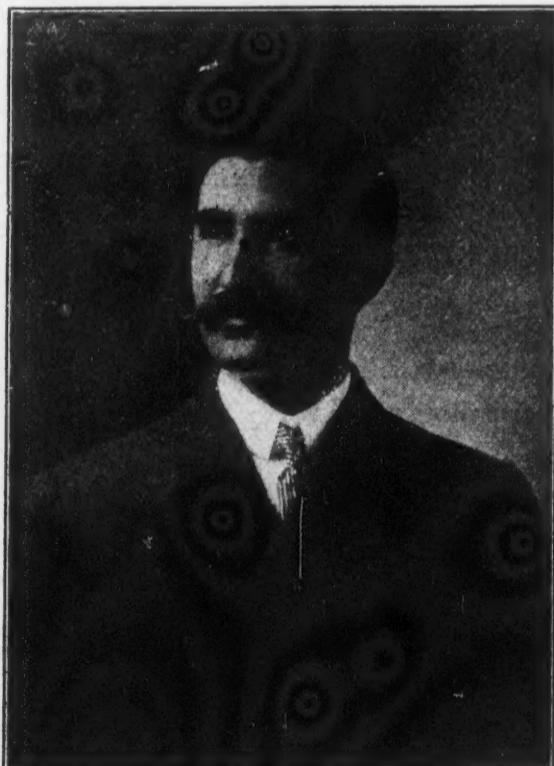
tions, and ripe in her knowledge of literature. Mrs. Bruce resides in a beautiful residence, but recently purchased by her, on Columbia Road, in Washington's most beautiful residential section. And she presides over her home with queenly dignity, yet dispensing her hospitality in the most gracious manner.

\* \* \*

When the new colored Y. M. C. A. \$50,000 building is completed it will not only stand as a monument to race progress, but it will also stand as a monument to the untiring efforts of Dr. J. E. Moorland, International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and Mr. Lewis Johnson, local secretary for the colored branch. These two men have spent their sleepless nights, and waking days in their

efforts to raise funds to begin and prosecute the work of erecting the handsome building. And no two men ever worked together with such perfect understanding, in such harmony as these men are working. They have the confidence of the entire community. All, young and old, recognize in them the upright, earnest man. But for these two men the Y. M. C. A. building would be but an iridescent dream. They have made a dream a tangible reality.

There is yet \$10,000 to be raised among the colored people to secure a like amount from John D. Rockefeller. Dr. Moorland and Mr. Johnson are now earnestly, aggressively endeavoring to raise this sum. With a colored population of one hundred thousand to draw from, and with colored federal employes to the number of over five thousand, who receive annually from the government



DR. J. E. MOORLAND



LEWIS E. JOHNSON

over five millions of dollars, their task ought to be an easy one. However, sad to say, it is not. It would be a terrible blight upon the race's escutcheon, and a fearful injustice to their noble and untiring efforts were this sum not raised, But they will raise it. They are the men that do things.

\* \* \*

Already Washingtonians are looking up ideal summer retreats, and shortly after school dismisses for the summer there will be a regular and a wholesale exodus of fair women, overworked school teachers, and tired, but not overworked, men to those cool sequestered spots along the seacoast and up in the mountains where they will toy with the

surf and breathe the pure ozone. And they do say that those, the fair women I mean, who will hike to the sea resorts will have packed away in their trunks some most gorgeous and beautiful bathing suits to wear while sitting on the shore watching the tide ebb and flow.

\* \* \*

Great interest is being manifested in the approaching commencement of the colored schools. Teachers, children and parents, too, are on the tip-toe of ex-

pectancy. And then the annual High School Cadet drill, which attracts all the brave and fair of Washington, and which is the climax in school and social life here at Washington, is being looked forward to with great interest. If you have never viewed one of these drills, and the throng of beautiful women and handsome men who attend, it is worth the railroad fare to journey here and witness it.

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## YOU.

Yesterday the world was beautiful and  
gay,  
Roses and violets were blooming by the  
way,  
The tiny blue bells drank the dew,  
The birds sang sweetly in the leafy  
boughs,  
All nature was clad in bright array,  
I walked with you.

---

To-day the world is dark and drear;  
No roses and violets to greet me by the  
way.  
The tiny bluebells are asleep,  
The little birds have ceased to sing;  
My heart is sad and lonely,  
I walk alone.

LADY EMMA LOUISE PHILLIPS.

# The Untold Story of Aunt Daphney Whitlow

By B. H. JUNIOR, Howard University, Washington, D. C.

**J**UST after the Civil War, a little old woman of somewhat advanced age, entered the services of Freedmen's Hospital as a trained nurse. Freedmen's Hospital did not, as many would have it, grow out of the Freedmen's Bureau, but on the other hand, it had been established some few years earlier, *i. e.*, before the close of the war, whereas the Bureau was merely an outgrowth of this institution. This old lady had spent three years in the Hospital Corps of the Union Army, and was what we now consider a trained nurse. As soon as the war was over, she sought employment, such as she could do, in this hospital, the only institution at the time which offered her an opportunity of pursuing her chosen profession. The only record of her in the hospital at the present time is that she entered the institution August 1st, 1868. What her age was at the time she connected herself with the hospital, where she came from to this city, or the home of her birth are points of interest which we would be only too glad to get, but which seem to have been blotted entirely from record. It is believed, however, that she had reached, or was nearing her four score years when she took up residence in the hospital, and from the bits of scattering information which it is now possible to gather from

her incoherent talk, it is easy to conclude that she was born somewhere, at some time in the State of old Virginia.

So, then, this is all the information that we are able to gather in reference to this most remarkable character, Aunt Daphney Whitlow, the subject of the present theme. There are certain traditions and incidents in the life of the old lady which have been handed down to the three or four generations of nurses and stewards about the hospital which in truth give the scene a dramatic setting. They say that as long as she was able to perform her duty as a trained nurse, she was a real ministering angel to the sick and wounded, who happened to come under her care; that she never tired, but was always ready to administer to the needs and the least whims of her patients; that she always had a good word of cheer for each one as she hurried as best she could, from cot to cot, seeking anyone whose sufferings she might in any way alleviate. Such, they say, was the life of consecration that she led. But alas! even a soul all-engrossed in the prosecution of so consecrated a work, must some day or other, yield up the sceptre of usefulness to the demands of Old Father Time! Aunt Daphney, as they at the hospital love to call her, has long since been incapacitated for service, and has been forced to give up that work

in which she labored so long and so earnestly and so cheerfully, and now must in turn be cared for by others, though possibly, not as tenderly as she herself once upon a time performed the same service for those who needed it. Truly, thought I, as I stood in her presence, this is a remarkable old lady! What a pity that the life history of this humble little bundle of humanity cannot be told in words! How much light she might be able to throw on the history of past years, on the conditions of the Negro slave as she saw and experienced it in the tobacco fields of Virginia, the cotton fields of South Carolina, the cane fields of Louisiana or the rice swamps of the tide-water regions! Some great power has prolonged her life for some good purpose. One cannot help feeling a sense of awe and reverence as he stands before her.

It is like meeting face to face with the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. Here is a person whose constitution has withstood the ravishes of over a hundred years and yet she can recall, though vaguely, incidents which took place during the British War, as she recalls it, when according to her faint recollection, her little brother was taken away from home to the war to wait on her young master and to black his boots. She recalls the Mexican War with apparent ease, and when asked about the Civil War, it is then that she will sit up and take notice, opening her small, penetrating little blue eyes which seem to look back to and beyond those gloomy days "which tried men's souls." "Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "I was in that war, I was in that war," then sank quietly back upon

the pillow attached to the back of the arm-chair which has been provided for her. The mere mentioning of this period seemed to bring to her feeble mind the recollection of things at once pleasing and then repulsive, and it was with much difficulty that I could get her to say anything more on the subject. The day I visited the hospital I was accompanied by a gentleman who had been first sergeant in the 25th Infantry (Co. F) for 15 years. This is the regiment, it will be remembered, that has been the source of so much Congressional wrangle for the past two years or more, charged with "shooting up Brownsville." When I told Aunt Daphney that here was a man who had seen active service in army and had often sniffed the smoke of gunpowder on the firing line, she again opened her twinkling little baby-blue eyes, and regarded him for a long time as if to ascertain whether or not she had ever seen him before, but evidently concluding in the negative, she slowly closed the lids of those bead-like eyes, and again resumed her accustomed position on the pillow.

There she sat, eyes closed, and there we stood, mouths open, gazing on, as it were, the remnants of a past age, too all-absorbed to move even a single limb, and our emotions screwed up almost to the breathless point.

Her apparel was quite unpretentious. Her dress was of the ordinary cotton goods which is supplied to the inmates of the hospital. She had a typical looking bandana handkerchief even yet more typically tied on her hoary little head, and from her slender waist hung one of

those old-fashioned gingham aprons, both of which are so very characteristic of the classic ante-bellum Southern "Mammy" made famous in the folk lore, song and story of the Sunny South. As to her physical appearance, having once seen her the sight tends to haunt you like the ghost of Banquo did the chief diner at the feast of Macbeth. Those piercing little eyes, the withered hands, the bottom lip that can no longer be retained in its proper place, the toothless gums, polished and worn low and even by the breath of ages—all these, dear reader, seem to have the power to stamp their images indelibly upon the memory of the visitor as nothing else could possibly do.

I was told by the guide who was escorting us through the wards that before they moved into new quarters, Aunt Daphney had been known to get up at mid-night, walk out on the back porth and there by some supernatural and peculiar power, with a noise which she alone can make, to call to her little birds from every section round about the hospital. He assured us that he could vouch for that much of the story himself, and as a means of breaking the spell which he evidently saw had possession of us, asked Aunt Daphney "to call up the little birds for the gentlemen," and by gently coaxing her as you would a baby in order to get it to take some medicine the taste of which it has already had some bitter experience, he finally succeeded in getting her to make that most peculiar noise which he claims, seemed to attract to her the little winged creatures of nature and the air, from their peaceful

boughs at dead of night, but which, on the other hand, if heard by man at the self-same time would cause him to tremble, quake and fear and to seek a closer communion with some of his fellowmen. When she had finished this, she asked the guide if he wished her to call the children to their meals. Naturally, we wondered just what new "treat" this would be, but fortunate for our curiosity, we were not held in suspense long, for as soon as he consented, for which we were very glad, she began and said in a feeble, yet rather distinct tone, "Come Sammy, come Johnnie, come Tommie, come get your breakfast, come get your dinner, come get your supper, wash up the dishes and go to bed,—and go to bed," and when she had repeated this last expression, she made a gesture with both hands, the withered little palms turned upwards as if to receive a blessing. Having said this, she locked her hands in the folds of her apron and she could not be prevailed upon to say anything more, not even a mention of the Civil War could induce her to again open her eyes, the little balls of which seemed to lie motionless behind the hairless lids.

As I turned to go away after taking the tiny bit of a hand which lay caressingly upon the other, I heaved a sigh of relief, and passing out into the spacious corridor, I again found myself breathing freely, and returned, as it were, from a journey of a century. Such is the character of this relic of yesterday; such is the feeling that the writer experienced in the presence of Aunt Daphney Whitlow. A mere glimpse at her is worth traveling miles to get. Call at Freed-

men's Hospital if you can make it convenient to do so when in the Capital, and ask permission to see Aunt Daphney Whitlow in the female medical ward. They will take delight in showing you

the oldest woman in the District of Columbia who is quite reasonably believed to be about 120 years old. You will not regret the time and trouble of your visit.

## A Successful Business Man



L. K. ATWOOD, Jackson, Miss.

L. K. Atwood, the President of the Southern Bank, belongs to the small group of professional Negroes who have found business more lucrative than the practice of their professions. Born in Willcox County, Ala., in 1851, he was sold on the block as a slave when 18 months old. His mother bought him for \$300, and moved with him to Ohio. Later he attended Lincoln University, Pa., graduating in 1874. Two years later he was admitted to the bar in Miss-

issippi. He has served two terms as a member of the Mississippi Legislature, and has held the positions of United States Commissioner and United States Deputy Revenue Collector for the Louisiana-Mississippi district. In addition to his connection with the bank, he is actively identified with the Negro enterprises in the town. He has amassed considerable property, and is generally regarded as one of the shrewdest of the Negro business men of Jackson.

# The Call to Business

By ARTHUR A. MADISON

## AN URGENT NEED.

**I**N whatever activities an individual is involved, towards whatever end he may direct his course, if the best results are to be achieved, that there may be continuous progress, free from the avoidable errors so common to adventurers, a well planned, carefully arranged, complete outline of the course pursued, a syllabus of the entire field, is indispensable. This is evidenced by the period of human development from the earliest spark of civilization to the present time. The progress was indeed slow, and the improvement crude in those early days when men formulated no plans. But later years brought the dim light of forethought, still later came the true dawn. Men began to realize the vast importance of contrivances and system. So effectual is system, so sure is the future reward that many an effort of to-day expects no return within decades. A fair example is the construction of the Panama Canal. This is but the sacrifice of present goods; the act of saving and abstaining which makes the common laborer of to-day the well supplied, independent factor of to-morrow.

It is an urgent demand that we decide on the best way to pursue our course, then begin not as individuals but as a race with the welfare of the most humble

and the most depraved member earnestly at heart. Before we can proceed as a vital and indispensable part of this nation, we must test our ability and capacity by advancing as a race. Without a firm foundation, deep and sure, upon which to build our own greatness, it is vain and childish to long to explore the higher realms where only the fittest survive. Unless we are alert to our greatest interests and recognize the essentials of complete living and respond without reluctance to these vital and entreating demands, our progress will be encumbered for many a long, long year.

Thrifty and energetic Negroes have erected to the credit of the race business establishments of various kinds. They have expended money, vigor and thought to enter every activity opened to them. But in only a few cases have we given them even moderate support. In failing to support our business enterprises we are sustaining an incalculable loss: a loss of far greater consequence than any of our many great deprivations. This loss is of a threefold nature: financial loss, loss of practice in advanced business, and loss sustained by our boys and girls—loss of hope!

There is probably no method adequate to warrant any calculation of the financial loss. A system of conducting business

may work successfully, operated under one set of managers, and a complete failure under another set. Various causes operate to affect the results of business. It may be safely inferred that no accurate estimate of our financial loss is possible; yet all will agree that there is an immense profit in business. It is now time that we were taking broader views of life, and entering the higher activities. We should have a few representative business establishments in Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York, Atlanta, Richmond, Montgomery, Raleigh, and other cities in which there are several thousands of our people.

Besides this financial loss we are enduring a far greater loss—the lack of thrifty development which is gained only through practice. We are far from being “there” and seem to exert little effective effort to be “there.” Dean Briggs of Harvard, in his “Routine and Ideals” says, “Being ‘there’ is the result of three things—intelligence, constant practice, and something hard to define, but too fancifully called an ideal.” It is constant practice we must hold in mind if we hope to progress freely. Without constant practice no success should be expected. The sooner we begin in advanced business the sooner we begin this practice. The results will logically be fixed habit. Once acquired, this habit, like all other “second nature” actions, becomes a part of our daily life, and occupies but a minimum of consciousness. The working and results of habit are clearly set forth by Professor Horne of Dartmouth College in his “Philosophy of Education.” “The edu-

cated mind—educated to conduct business—has accustomed itself to the performance of tasks which are now done well because they are done easily. The power of concentrated and continued attention has been developed through long practice. Large mental labors are planned and performed with out waste, worry, or fret.” The power of conducting business, like the power of concentrated attention, must be developed through practice, and if carefully planned the work will be performed without waste, worry or fret. From this follows an infallible consequence, that in whatever pursuit one is engaged, if perfection is to be attained there must be constant practice. How then can we acquire these requisites if we do not enter the activities? We should begin now. How little do we think that a Negro boy or girl can use scissors and tape in a dry goods store or keep account of merchandise! But these higher forms of business should not intimidate our ambition. They should, in my opinion, be the most inviting. However we as a race are losing inestimable practice through neglecting advanced business.

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The third and most discouraging effect resulting from our failure to enter the higher forms of business is realized by our young men and young women. Once I entered a department store in Washington, D. C., and saw employed there about three score or more girls. Several members of my race entered and made purchases. For some moments I was overcome as with deep awe, thinking that ninety thousand Negroes—about one-

third the population of Washington, D. C., could not control one-hundredth per cent. of the dry goods trade; could not give employment to their daughters. It is true that the Negro buys dry goods. The next enquiry is, Will he buy them from the Negro, and if so will the Negro open dry goods departments and give his people an opportunity to trade with him? Extend the field of activity for our boys and girls, and they will ennoble their aims. But in my opinion our trade is ours and any boy or girl of the race should feel confident of the spirited support of his people in whatever he undertakes. But this is far from the case. Repeatedly have I heard the complaint that we cannot feel sure of the support of our people. I believe this criticism to be just, but I also believe that conditions will change if wise plans are formulated. Modern civilization has taught us to see the greater advantages, the broader development, and surer results of advanced business as compared to the type of business in which we are now engaged. But our young men do not see the possibility of ever entering these yearned-for activities. The discouraging spectacle presented from the advanced business point of view serves more than any other one thing to rob our boys and girls of ambition, desire and hope. How many of our young men who have minds, ambition, and capacity for advanced business are forced to follow hotel service and other demoralizing occupations—if such may be called occupations—simply for want of a chance! But we may say they should make openings. Indeed many of them are succeeding, though unassisted,

but they are relatively few in number. From any view point, the most appalling result of our failure to enter advanced business is realized by our young men and women.

If the foregoing contentions are true, the reader doubtless finds himself inquiring, Whose duty is it to organize the Negroes and teach them to trade with their own people? To me there is but one answer: it is the duty of every member of the race to cherish an interest in the race but it is the duty of the leaders to teach the masses that it is devolved on them to support our enterprises. This requires organization. Surely Dr. Booker T. Washington was conscious of this need when in his reply to John Roach Straton, August, 1900, he wrote, "The Negro has not had time enough to collect the broken and scattered members of his family." Since these words were written nearly nine of the most prosperous years this country has ever witnessed have passed, and we have not as yet been collected. So long as we remain scattered we shall as a race continue in poverty. The struggle is too intense, the competitors are too strong for us to trust to chance. We must organize and seize every opportunity to improve our condition. Whatever sage or priest may tell us, observation and experience teach us that other things candidly considered, the greatest present deficiency of the Negro is material development. To show that this idea has long been realized by educators I shall quote from Professor DuBois "The Souls of Black Folk." "To

be a poor man is hard, but to be a poor race in a land of dollars is the very bottom of hardship." Material development is immediately conducive to self-preservation. Another educator realizes the advantages derived from advanced business. Dean Kelly Miller of Howard University, Washington, D. C., in an address in Andrew Rankin Chapel said in part that to receive blessings from God we must obey His command; furnish food for the hungry; clothing for the naked; medicine for the sick, and justice for the oppressed. This truth may be interpreted in the light of my entire argument.

Leaders are viewing this urgent need, but my object is to entreat them to con-

trive and present some definite plan that these events may evolve themselves into final realization. It is then the duty of leaders, ministers, teachers, and parents, especially—to devise some plan that will secure for us at least ninety per cent. of our trade. I therefore solicit of our leaders immediate consideration of this plan. Let us dispel trivial affairs, cherish profound, worthy, and high class business as the paramount aim, and remember that at Howard, Fiske, Atlanta, Shaw, Hampton, Talladega, and Tuskegee, many a worthy youth, with outstretched hand, a clean heart and trained mind is imploring for a chance.

(To be continued.)

## An Eyewitness of Hampton Anniversary

By JUDGE ROBERT H. TERRELL

On last Thursday, April 29, I visited the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute for the first time to witness its annual public exercises. It was the forty-first anniversary of this famous school. The event coming so near the close of the school year was also made the occasion for the Commencement exercises of the senior class, though the graduates will work and study for more than a month longer before they get their diplomas and certificates.

The daily press has given to the country

a general account of matters connected with the administrative side of the celebration, such as the meeting of the Board of Trustees and its work. It called special attention to the presence of a large number of distinguished men and women of wealth, benefactors not only of the Hampton Institute but also of many other schools for the training of white as well as colored boys and girls. All of this is most interesting to the world at large and should be most effective as a medium of advertisement for one

of the most deserving and most celebrated schools on this continent. And yet there were other features of the exercises of the occasion that, because of their annual recurrence perhaps, could not claim a place in the press as "news." These features I found intensely interesting and instructive. As I went through the workshops and about the great farm and saw those splendid specimens of young Negro manhood, working away at one trade or another, preparing themselves for the different classes of work in which the demand is now so much greater than the supply, I could not but wish that there were a Hampton or a Tuskegee in every state in this country in which the Negro lives in any considerable numbers, and that attendance upon them were compulsory for all of our boys and girls, not only for the great majority of them whose training must necessarily stop in the common schools, but also for the few who will find themselves later in the great universities of the country.

The thing, however, that made the deepest impression on me was the character of the Commencement exercises. I was totally unprepared for the delightfully charming addresses of the members of the senior class whose names appeared on the programme. Every student had his part admirably in hand. The matter was good, was written in the best and simplest English, thoroughly committed and delivered in accordance with the best canons of speaking. I had no idea that in a school where every student had to do so much manual work that time enough was left for such



JUDGE ROBT. H. TERRELL

preparation on the literary side. There were talks made by two graduates of Hampton who told of their work as farmers in a most interesting and instructive manner. The experiences of these two young men must have been an inspiration to their younger brethren whose ambitions beckon them to the soil for a career.

In addition to all of this, there was the great chorus under the leadership of Major R. R. Moton. To appreciate fully the weird beauty and charm of the old plantation melodies rendered by this large body of students, one must hear them for himself and note the splendid powers of Major Moton as a conductor. There was an irresistible fascination in

the rendition of the songs, and leader and chorus received round after round of applause.

After Mr. Robert C. Ogden, as president of the Board of Trustees, had made a brief address to the students, an address teeming with good advice and thoroughly in keeping with the spirit for which Hampton stands, Dr. Frizzell presented Dr. Booker T. Washington to the audience as Hampton's most distinguished graduate. From the very first lines of his address to its end Dr. Washington carried his audience with him. His speech was a masterful one in all of its phases. It was full of that hard, common sense that has always characterized the talks of this remarkable man. There were big thoughts in it and hopeful suggestions, and no one of that large audience that filled the immense audi-

torium even to the lawn that surrounded the building left his place until the noted orator had spoken his last word. And then there was a rush of white people and colored people, men and women, to shake his hand and offer him congratulations.

I met no one among the three thousand visitors that crowded the grounds of Hampton on this occasion who was not wonderfully impressed with all that was said and done there. The splendid drilling of the young men, under the command of Captain Washington, as well as the marching of the young women through the campus, were attractive features of the celebration. But justice cannot be done a Hampton anniversary in words, however long. One must be on the scene and witness things for himself.



# The Hard Beginnings of Attucks Industrial School and Home, at St. Paul, Minn.

By FANNIE KING

**T**HIS work grew from a mission organized by the Rev. J. Will King and wife as founders in December, 1904, known as the St. Paul (Minn.) Industrial Mission and Home. The mission work did not do well, but the industrial work was a success. Early in 1905 we dropped the mission and took up the industrial work altogether, for the advancement of the Negro boy and girl along the lines of moral, intellectual and industrial education, and also to make a home for the aged of our race throughout the Northwest.

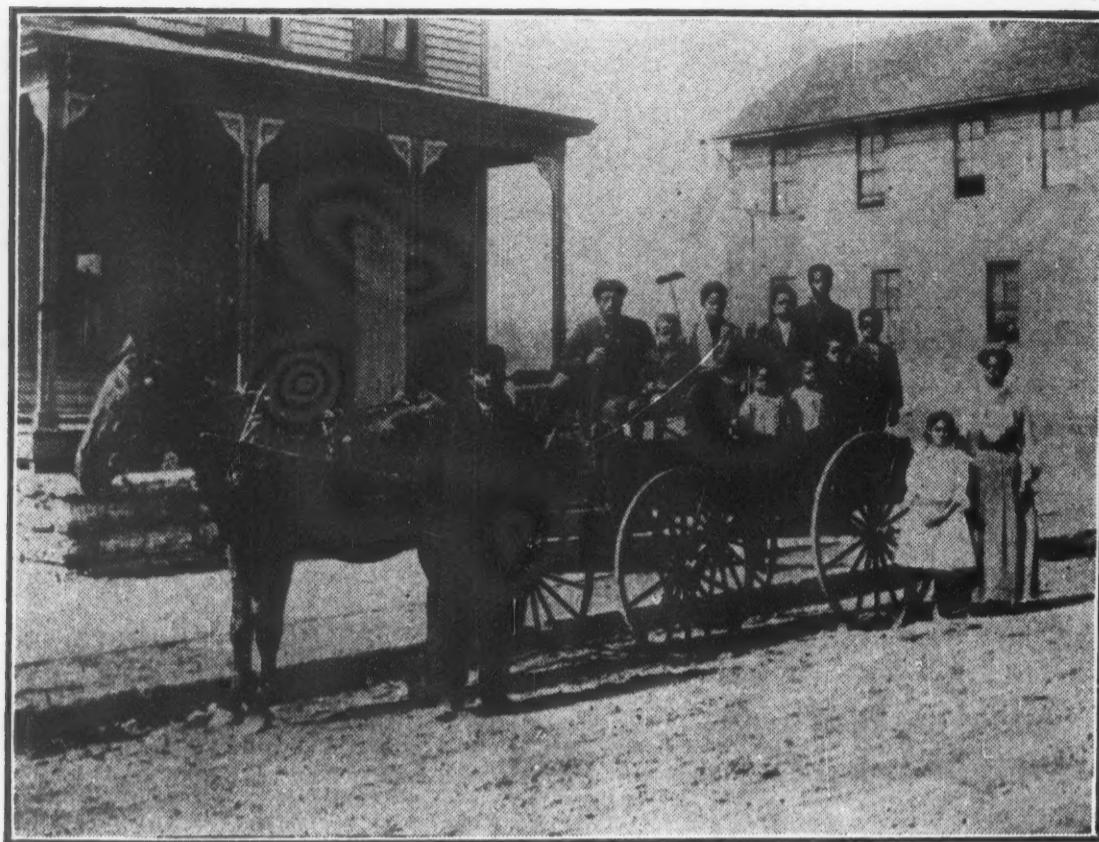
On January 9, 1905, we incorporated with a board of managers selected from the different churches of the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, who have greatly assisted and have given much time to the work. We first opened a sewing school for the girls instructed by Mrs. King, the matron, and a brush-making department for the boys. We also thought well to prepare a place for the young men to spend their idle hours, as St. Paul is a railroad center where our colored men seek employment as railroad porters. So a reading room was opened, good literature selected with the daily papers and the best of reading mat-

ter for their interest.

We finally decided that a lunch room would add greatly to the work, as many persons came from other cities with small means that might be assisted to get along nicely until employed, with little expense. This was done to save them from spending money and time in places of vice and disreputable dives in our city. This was appreciated and the



MRS. FANNIE KING  
President and Matron.



RENTED SCHOOL

work grew rapidly. Our proposition of industrial work and elevation for our race was laid before the business men of our city who readily gave their assistance. After a short time plans were made by the Board for night school, which was taught by one of our members, Mrs. Inez Pope, a graduate of the Lawrence, Kansas, High School, and who is a faithful worker for the Home.

This brings the work to the fall of 1906, at which time it had developed so, that arrangements had to be made for more room. That meant more money, by renting larger quarters or trying to buy and build, which also meant more finance. So just what to do was hard to decide. However, we worked on until January, 1907, at which time we con-

cluded to take out a contract in a building company that would give us an opportunity to secure a suitable place and pay on easy terms, and thus managing well, could accomplish our aims.

After much discouragement and taking a great deal of time, we at last succeeded. Two acres of ground were purchased in the suburb of the city, a beautiful site for the Home, two blocks from the car line and one block from the public school. Next was planning the building as our contract called for only fifteen hundred dollars. Finally we arranged matters and the building started, which was small and could not even be a brick structure, which added much to our discouragement. However, we prayed and worked until at last it was completed,

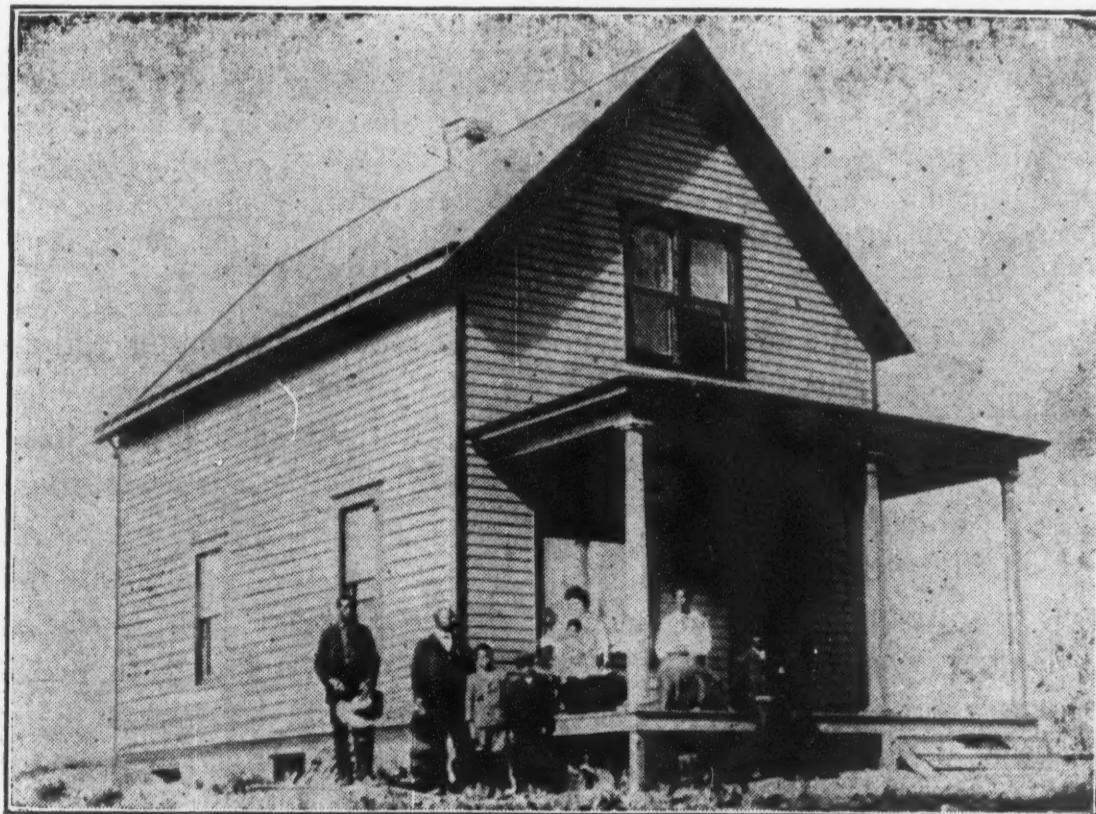
with four rooms on the first floor, a dormitory on the second, a kitchen and dining-room in the basement.

Our new Home was opened July 28, 1907. The gathering was addressed by many prominent professional men of our race of the twin cities, among whom were Attorenay E. I. Robinson, Attorney W. M. R. Morris, Rev. Horace Graves, pastor of the A. M. E. Church, and Rev. Carter, of Pilgrim Baptist Church, and many others of our race, and a number of white friends.

All went well for some time. The work grew, inmates gathered in and everything was very prosperous, but as winter came on, it found us in great need, not knowing what to do, but as the darkest hour is just before day, God lifted the veil of darkness and the light came to us, through one of St. Paul's

greatly beloved, charitable business men, Mr. Joseph Elsinger, proprietor of the Golden Rule, the largest drygoods and department store in the city. In my distressed condition I visited his office, explained my work and condition. He became interested, gave me a donation telling me when he knew more of the work, would do more for its benefit. I then insisted on a visit to the Home; he promised, and to my surprise only two Sundays passed ere his promise was fulfilled.

After looking about the place he readily saw our destitute condition. In passing through the kitchen he noticed so few cooking utensils, he said, "I see where I can help you, which I shall be glad to do. Come to my store tomorrow morning." I did so, and to my surprise a large barrel was filled with splendid granite kitchen ware. He did not stop



PRESENT HOME

there, visit after visit was made and at last preparations were made for modern improvements. City water was brought to the house and arranged on the three floors. Two bath tubs, stationary wash-stand and conveniences that really made us feel as though we were city folks in the country.

He brought many valuable friends to us who assisted in the work. A new barn was built, a horse was donated; all through this good man at a cost of nine hundred dollars. Among the persons that he brought was a blessed woman, Mrs. C. Arrol, wife of a real estate man who has done much for the work. Not

more than three visits were made by her before she had purchased a splendid milch cow for the benefit of the children. It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Our work at this time is still growing so that only the female inmates occupy the main building and a barracks was built temporarily for the males. We are glad to say that we hope in the near future with the assistance of the citizens of our race and the coöperation of our white friends, to rear a large brick building that will be a credit to the black race, and a monument to stand in years to come.

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## Dropping the Negro

In the midst of present day Northern apologies and deferences to Southern intolerance of the Negro, with the apparently increasing commercial abandonment of the political status of the Negro to Southern sentiment, it is as refreshing as it is encouraging to note the straight stand in the Negro's behalf of great daily newspapers like the *New York Evening Post* and the *New York World*. Though we do not subscribe to the premature assumption, as we think of the following strong editorial from the *World*, we gladly reproduce it for our readers.—EDITOR.

In the war amendments to the Constitution the Republican party set forth the reasons for its continued existence after Appomattox. These articles gave the Negro freedom and citizenship and they specifically safeguarded him against discrimination. Political pains and penalties were devised in the cases of States which disregarded these principles. Several Republican Presidential campaigns were fought on this issue and some of the most conspicuous of Republican chief-

tains made no stronger claim to popular favor.

This traditional policy has found expression with much regularity in the party platforms. In Ohio, Mr. Taft's own State, the Republicans have repeatedly demanded the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment, providing for a reduction of representation in Congress and in the Electoral College for all States which had disfranchised the Negro. The National Republican platform of last

year, on which Mr. Taft was elected, "declared once more and without reservation for the enforcement in letter and spirit of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments," and condemned "all devices that have for their real aim disfranchisement for reasons of color alone as unfair, un-American and repugnant to the supreme law of the land."

In furtherance of a Southern policy of his own which is in conflict with that of his party, Mr. Taft now openly accepts the Southern disfranchisement laws and announces that he will appoint no Negroes to office against the wishes of the whites. No Democrat of whom we have knowledge could more radically take issue with the orthodox Republicanism of the past.

Unless we are to believe that machine Republicanism, wholly abandoning principles and ethics, has devoted itself to the spoils of office, how are we to explain the fact that no protest has yet been made to this course by any notable Republican

leader or by any conspicuous Republican newspaper? The power of the President is great in any case, but when politicians and newspapers are servile it is magnified many times. Revolutionizing party policy, turning his back upon the most vital of party traditions and practically justifying the nullification of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, with no protest from any Republican, Mr. Taft reveals courage and independence on his own part and submissiveness on the part of his political associates.

Admiring the President's spirit, the *World* Democratically disagrees with the establishment of the new color line; and even the distinguished example of Mr. Taft cannot persuade it to approve of the virtual nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment. Good as the President's intentions no doubt are, it is hardly possible that the course which he has mapped out for himself is to be a finality in American politics.—*New York World, March 28.*

## THE SERPENT

**J**ONCE strode down a mountain's side,  
A thoughtless boy, in youth's young pride,  
And stopped to pluck a violet  
With diamond dews of morn still wet;  
But, as I paused, a poisonous snake,  
Coiled near, dared me the flower to take!

So, all through life, a poisonous stream  
Is mingled with the sweetest dream!  
Our smiles and tears, like sun and rain,  
Commingled are with joy and pain.

*Timothy Fortune.*

## Zenith of Negro Sport

By "OLD SPORT"

On the strength of our own authority we make the positive statement that never has the Negro stood so high in the world of sport as he stands to-day. We make even a more specific statement, that the Negro athlete during the past year up to this, the beginning of the baseball season, has won more laurels in America than in any other year recorded in the "files of times." In professional sport and in amateur sport the Apollo in ebony during the past year has actually turned the tide against the "color line" and has brought in sight—I have no hesitancy in saying—the golden era of contest—a fair field with no favors. Let any doubter turn his mind's eye back to a year ago to-day, then let him pick up almost any daily paper anywhere in this country and compare the two pictures. Or let the worshipper of the golden past and the balmy days of "so and so" go through the same process. I say let him get his facts in hand for any other year and the past year, then let him take a deep thought. At the same time he will breathe a deep breath and say, "I guess you're right."

On the spur of the moment, in the first flush of this offence, the patron of the past immediately calls to mind the heroic days of the great ones. He thinks in professional sport of the great and

only Peter Jackson and of George Dixon, kings of them all in heavy and featherweight pugilism. But he must also painfully recall that Peter Jackson never got the "belt" and that these two Negroes were about the only Negro scholars in their schools. He will tell you again of "Joe" Walcott, the Barbadoes "demon," and Joe Gans, the passing old "Master" in the welterweight and lightweight divisions, respectively. True, it is they wore kingly honors "o'er no common armies," but these knighted idols bore their trophies from a field of Caucasian disputants and left their mantles to fall upon the shoulders of the other race. The lover of the "old days" of racing sets in reveries upon the triumphs of Isaac Murphy, "Tony" Hamilton and Jockey Sims and with the passing of the old days, he asks, "Now where are your men to-day?"

He jubilantly comes back with the sainted amateur heroes of ye olden days. He talks about the grisly giant of Harvard's gridiron, "Bill" Lewis, who was a wheelhorse against the sons of Father Penn and Old Elihu Yale. He will immediately take up the book of exploits of "Matt" Mathews," the man of the hour at Harvard in his student days, bringing surely and regularly year after year the pennant of the college diamond to his alma mater. The dreamer of days gone



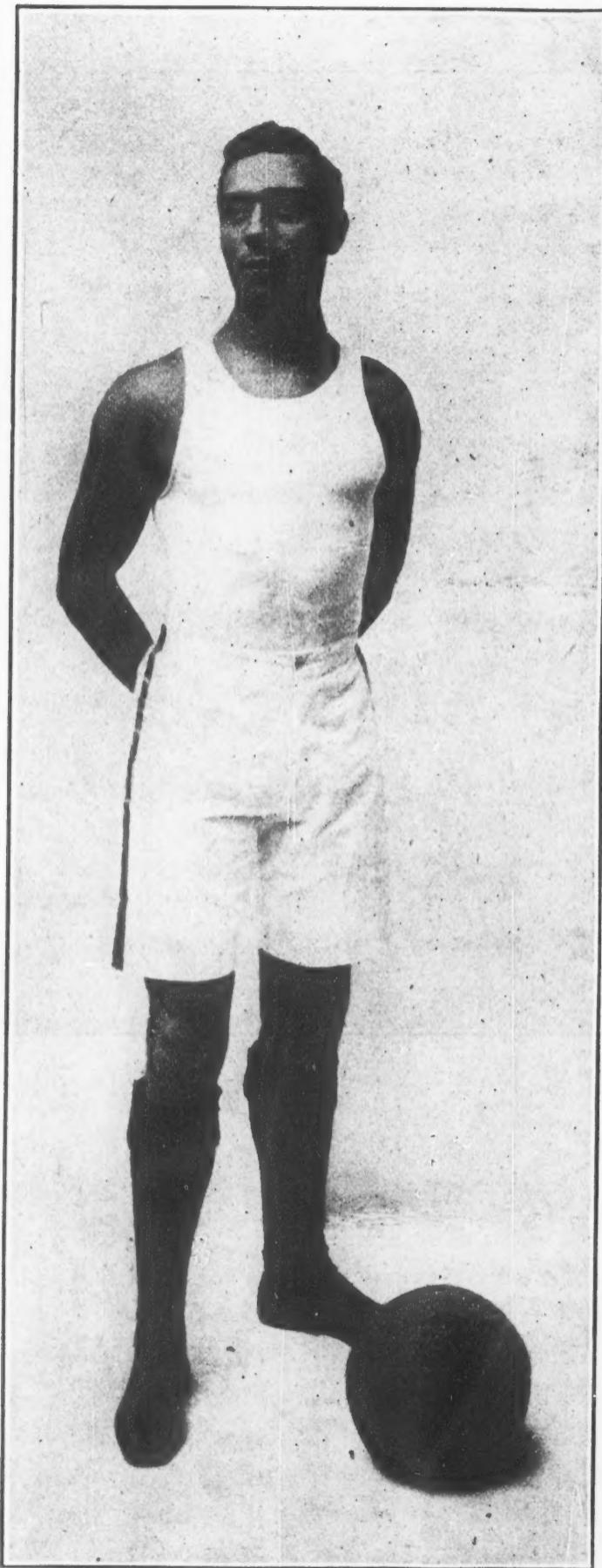
WILLIAM H. LEWIS, Harvard Gridiron Hero.

by points with moist eyes to the late John Taylor of Pennsylvania, the easy record holder against them all on the cinder path. Your heart swells with pride as he recounts the deeds of valor of these victors of the past. But as reverently as you can, you say to him "let us look at the facts."

Now that is just what we are going to do in a continuous story of what our athletes are doing to-day. What has been gained in these various fields in the present era, what the athletes are and who they are and how it all happened any-

way, we are going to tell COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE readers henceforth.

But I started out to compare to-day with yesterday. Do you know that the Negro has ten successful athletes to-day to every one that he had in the days of Peter Jackson? I chanced to pick up a daily paper from Topeka, Kan., a few days ago and there upon the front page in the first column of that leading paper of the Jayhawker State I saw the picture of a lithe-limbed black Marathon hero of the day before. A mere strip of a boy 16 years old, James Gurden by

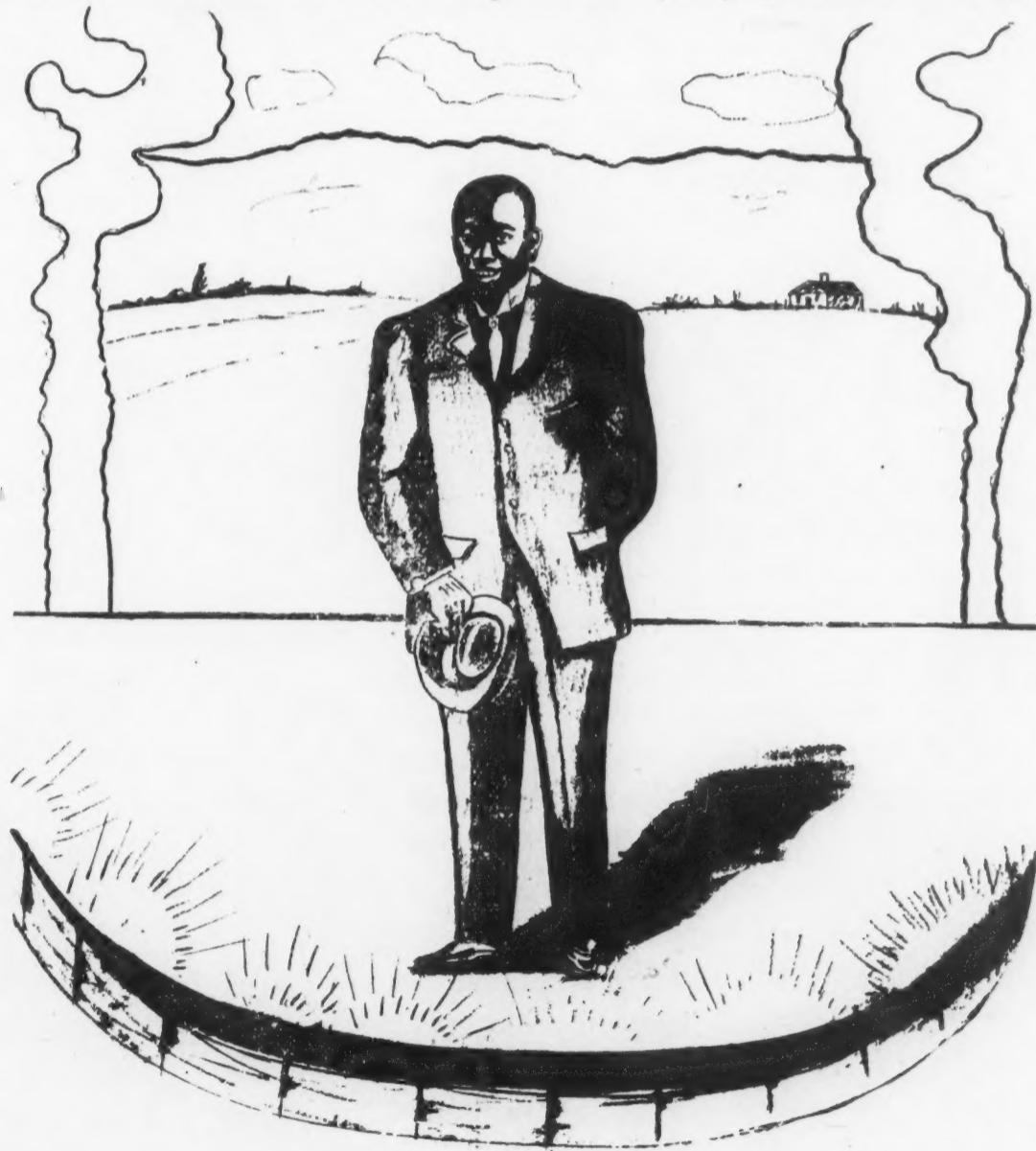


EDWIN B. HENDERSON  
Athletic Director in Washington (D. C.,) Public Schools.

name, had won the classic run in perfect form and with over a minute to spare from the fast field of over forty contestants.

Two or three years ago I was in New England and found so many leading Negro athletes that I was not only proud of the race's prowess, but was actually depressed by the fact that the knowledge of these individuals and their exploits did not reach outside of New England and for the most part out of their own communities. I found that a giant colored student of veterinary

surgery by the name of Craighead was captain of the football team at the Massachusetts State College of Agriculture at Amherst, Mass. More than that, I found the college coach to be Matthew Bullock, the great Dartmouth end of a few years back. I found out that the captain of the University of Vermont's successful baseball team was a colored boy, whose name slips me. The star player that same year on the basketball team of the University of Maine was a young Negro. A young Negro named Dean was equally proficient and popular as a



JOHN A. JOHNSON, Heavyweight Champion of the World.

Medford, Mass., High School player. At Williams College, Marshall was playing his brilliant game of football, while "Heinie" Bullock and "Charlie" Watkins at Andover Academy were the star all-around athletes of the institution and perhaps of all the preparatory institutions of New England. In the fall of that year I found "Moon" Edmunds captain of the Boston English High School football team, which won the double championship of greater Boston. Leo Cousins was the star fullback of the Somerville High School football team and Clarence Falkner right end on Edmunds' team, was the choice for interscholastic end and with little doubt the best all-round high school athlete in the Hub.

Here is the condition of amateur athletics in New England. Unheralded and unknown outside of their community, almost this same thing is duplicated in every section of the North and West to-day. Star Negro athletes now, because they are not so isolated as a decade ago, no longer are looked upon as such phenomena, no longer receive such widespread advertising as they did in the "good old days." It was just last week a massive colored boy from Colorado, Robert V. Johnson, broke the Dartmouth College hammer throw record. Two or three months ago a colored lad, Howard Hall, won the Marathon championship of Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. A few days later a colored boy by the name of Young won the Marathon at New Orleans.

Now, just look at the giant baseball teams in professional sport springing up

in every city of the country. Just see the kind of ball they are playing in Chicago, Philadelphia, Dayton, Easton, Penn and Baltimore. It is only a question of a short time till there will be recognized leagues of Negro baseball. Mark my word, in the not distant future Negroes are going to break into the big leagues. Matthews approaches nearer that now than any other Negro, playing on the Beverly, Mass., team for the last three summers. No, old sport, I'm not dreaming, these are the good days of Negro sport and better days are coming by-and-by.

But in the space allotted me I have just room enough to take up your lead on Negro sport—heavyweight pugilism. Now think just a minute, who has the monopoly to-day on the heavyweight division? Mr. Black Man! Mr. John Arthur Johnson is champion of them all. Heavyweight sport had really dwindled from the sublime to the ridiculous since the days of John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson, and the title was resting in the hands of a second rater or worse, Tommy Burns, who had won his way over a sea of lemons, was ridiculous as a champion. Now "Jack" Johnson got after Tommy Burns, chased him to the other end of the world, and with the help of public sentiment outraged over the "color line," secured a chance. The rest needs no telling.

Suffice it to say, that "Jack" Johnson has placed heavyweight pugilism upon a respectable pedestal and worthy aspirants are coming forward to contend for the honors. Who are they? Well, James J. Jeffries has the first call, and

**he** says he will accept it. After him, are **there** any others? Yes, but they are **Negroes**. The only legitimate aspirants for **the title** to-day are Sam McVey, the idol **of the hour** in Paris until a fortnight ago, **and** Joe Jeannette, the New Jersey **Negro**—whom the New York *World* says **is refined**, gentlemanly, good-looking and **educated**—beat the former in a gruelling **go of forty** rounds in Paris. These four, **Johnson**, Jeffries, McVey and Jeannette, **are** the first-class heavyweights of the

day. Instead of Peter Jackson, the **Negro** now not only has the real and recognized champion, but three men at least in the first division. There are some who say "Sam" Langford, of Boston, is a first-class heavyweight. But Mr. Langford is a first-class middleweight, and the master, I believe, of the present title-holder, Stanley Ketchell. But time alone will prove this. But for to-day let me conclude by saying to-day is the zenith of **Negro** sport.

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## THE HEART OF GOD

**J** LOVE thee, God, amid the city's sighing,  
I love thee in the solemn watch of night;  
I love thee, Lord, when weary day is dying,  
And Nature fades in silence from my sight.

Each vesper moment throbs with hope eternal,  
Each soul vibrates with loving sympathy;  
Each life becomes an ardent prayer supernal  
Which radiates, Heart Crucified, from thee.

Thou art, O Heart, the angels' supreme glory,  
The dread of demons into hell once hurled;  
The humble saint contritely kneels before thee,  
Thou art man's share, loved Heart, of this bleak  
world.

*Henry B. Tierney in the Independent.*

## Liberian Defends Liberia

By DIHWHO TWE

The flood of agitation which the cause of Liberia, the little Negro Republic, has recently excited, has at this writing produced two appreciable results: the interest which prompted the appointment by President Roosevelt of the Liberian Commission and the enlightenment upon Liberian conditions. The following is an article from the pen of Mr. Dihdwo Twe, a native of Monrovia, in the Boston *Transcript*. Africa, which formerly played such an important part in the development of civilization, has for years been in a state of practical inactivity, and since the days of Livingstone, scholars without stating the cause of this inactivity, have not infrequently passed a too hasty judgment upon both the capacity and adaptability of the native African mind. Mr. Twe, the author of this letter, furnishes an interesting example of not only the capacity of the native African, but also the possibilities of the entire Republic. Of the many African students in our American universities, this young man possesses the most marked traits of literary genius and business adaptability of any that the writer has yet seen. Though a native Liberian, residing not more than nine years in this country, Mr. Twe writes and speaks English with greater facility than many of our native born citizens. Articles by Mr. Twe have appeared in the leading American columns. Among them the Boston *Transcript*, the *St. Johnsbury Republican* and *The American Journal of Psychology*. During his nine years of education in this country Mr. Twe has observed but not accepted his American environment, preferring to cling consistently to his ideals of religion and government, remembering always, as he says, that he is African. The attitude of moderation and charity with which he approaches so difficult and delicate a subject is self-explanatory and ought to have a salutary effect upon the future of the black man's experiment in self-government.—Introduction by LUCIUS S. HICKS.

I noticed a remarkable article in a recent number of the *Transcript* entitled "Oppressed Liberia," by E. N. Vallandigham, which contained the following startling statements:

"Liberia (that is the Americo-Liberians or freemen from the United States) had had trouble from the beginning with the native wild tribes. These peoples have arts and a sort of civilization, but they have not been friendly to the blacks and mulattoes from America."

While I am greatly thankful to Mr. Vallandigham for the warm and human-

itarian interest he has taken in my country, at a critical moment when every manifestation of friendly attitude and a kind word means a good deal to the people of Liberia, and while I have no desire whatever either to detract anything from, or to depreciate the value of his timely paper, I wish to say a word or two about the above assertions.

Liberia, the little Negro Republic situated on the west coast of Africa, about six and a half degrees north of the equator, is composed of Africans of two distinct types the African from exile whose



DIHWHO TWE

**habits** and manner of thinking have been completely altered by years of association with foreign elements, and who has, therefore, lost all traces of the history, the traditions and even the languages of his ancestors; and the African of the in-

digenous type whose customs, language and mind are purely African. If there is any difference between the two, it is this: the African from exile being a product, not of natural evolution ordained and sanctioned by God, but of artificial devo-

lution, sees things from a sort of Anglo-Anglican point of view. For instance, unlike other constitutions, the constitution of Liberia is the most conspicuous foreigner in the country. It is not of African birth, it was written here in America by Henry Clay and other gentlemen of the American Colonization Society and given to the freedmen as a pattern whereby they might build the then proposed African colony after the fashion of the American Government. Imagine the state of an African republic on the west coast of Africa with a constitution written by Anglo-Saxons! Can there be a more ridiculous specimen of applying the unnatural to the natural? Can there be a sadder spectacle! Yet the Americo-Liberian, our brother, has not yet come to a deep realization of the fact that Liberia is African; and that we are Africans. But in addition to this evident inconsistency, he believes that he can subsist and multiply in the blazing tropic under a system of quasi-European sociology, and lead the natives successfully.

We, the natives, on the other hand, view the situation from a different standpoint. We know that the grizzly bear from the frozen forests of North America cannot thrive in the burning sand of the Sahara any more than the lion can thrive in the icy mountains of Switzerland. We desire and appreciate the vitalizing force of Christianity and modern civilization. But in addition to this we believe we have a particular destiny to perform, and that any departure from it will be a serious mistake, productive of miseries and woes. For we conscien-

tiously believe that as was our beginning, so shall our end be—African.

Aside from this little difference of opinion, largely due to environment, to legitimate and natural interpretations of circumstances, there is no political, social or sentimental difference whatever. I am a full-blooded Kroo, member of the race occupying the coast belt of Liberia. I was born and brought up in Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, and with the exception of eight years of school life in this country, the greater part of my days have been spent at home. When I was a boy I had Americo-Liberian children for playmates as well as children of my own race. Yet I possess no intimate knowledge, neither have I heard anything directly or indirectly as to the existence of any unfriendly feelings, such as Mr. Vallandigham has indicated in his paper quoted above. During my visit to my mother, in 1907, I came in daily contact with the representative men of the two elements, and the impression that I got is that they are just as warm friends to-day as they have been in the past.

But assuming for the sake of argument that the natives are unfriendly to the Americo-Liberians, there certainly must be a corresponding cause somewhere to produce this effect. The discovery of the cause is, therefore, more important than the mere statement that one element dislikes the other. For the natives may be prejudiced against the Americo-Liberians with all the intensity of animal passion, and the Americo-Liberians may be prejudiced against the natives as bitterly as it could be imagined, and yet both parties may be perfectly

right and justified in their actions; provided there are sufficient reasons on one side to balance the other side of the equation. What, then, is at the bottom of the unfriendly attitude of the natives toward "the blacks and mulattoes from America" of which Mr. Vallandigham tells us? Can he give us first-hand facts on this point?

Again, conditions in Liberia are not similar to conditions in this part of the world. An Englishman who has never crossed the ocean may sit in London and write a book on America, and does the work with reasonable degree of accuracy. For, generally speaking, the English and the Americans are of the same stock, having in common one language, one religion, practically one law, and one system of sociology. On the contrary, Liberia is made up of a number of races greatly differing from one another in belief, customs, languages—in moral, physical and intellectual endowments. It is true that these differences do not counteract the underlying identicity implied by the genus, African, but unfortunately, they have so widened and deepened the gap between the native and his surround-

ings that, not even men of African blood, born and reared in Africa, but of foreign descent, have ever been able to penetrate the mysteries of native African life. This being the case, the American who undertakes to write on Liberian domestic affairs has an entirely different proposition to deal with from that of the Englishman in my comparison.

The point I wish to emphasize is this: Mr. Vallandigham writes with all the sincerity and intentions of a good and true friend. There are many other Americans of his type, men of broad intellectual outlook and far-reaching sympathy. Some of these men have recently written on the helpless state of affairs in Liberia; others will probably follow. But I hope our friends will focus their attention on the main question at issue, namely, the territorial dispute between Liberia, England and France, and not enter into discussion of domestic affairs. Because any free and loose discussions, on their part, on a supposed unfriendly attitude of the natives toward "the blacks and mulattoes from America," is liable indefinitely to widen gaps that might be easily bridged.



## The Frivolous Life

By H. B. GANTT

WITHIN the last few years there have been two characterizations of life that have entered into popular speech. One of them is the phrase the "Simple Life," associated with the name of Charles Wagner of Paris; the other is the "Strenuous Life," whose coinage is ascribed to President Roosevelt. There is, however, a style of life far alien from either of these, and by no means uncommon, which we may call "The Frivolous Life."

What do we mean by this expression? A life whose interests and purposes are concentrated upon small things, a life in which trifles are given the only or chief place.

There are great things, and there are little things in this world. Moral qualities, such as courage, truth, justice, are great, great things. Religious truths, such as God and immortality, are great things. Institutions that have reference to the welfare of manhood, such as the church, the Y. M. C. A., the university, civil government, are great things. The work of genius, the poem, the picture, the book, the song, the great task accomplished; these are great things. Men and women who have embodied lofty qualities and have accomplished heroic deeds are great. These are the great things, the things whose contemplation

broadens and invigorates the whole nature, then there are the little things, little pleasures and excitements, little details of dress and table, little occurrences in the life of our friends, little books by little people, little jests, little tales. The frivolous life is that in which these little things are given the chief, if not the sole place. Do not misunderstand me, friends. Do not think that I am commending a life that is spent unceasingly in the contemplation of great things.



H. B. GANTT

That is more than we can bear. There is a place for little things, the amusement, the jest, the kindly gossip.

We do not think less of Admiral Drake because we see him playing a game of bowls on the green, for we know that when the need arises he has in him pith and purpose for the greatest enterprises on the sea. Herbert Spencer was not frivolous because he played a game of billiards. Mr. Gladstone was not a trifler when for an hour or two in the day he wielded the woodman's axe. A life is not frivolous because it has little things in it, but only when these little things take precedence of all else, where they absorb our attention and enthusiasm. And this is our danger. I am afraid of dishonesty, I am afraid of drunkenness, I am afraid of lust, I am afraid of cruelty, but I am equally afraid of frivolity. It is as full of menace to the world as these more striking and portentious forms of evil.

It is a foe to reverence in the Soul. The frivolous man or woman gets in time that he sees nothing that he can revere. He stares impudently at great men. He makes silly jests at the foot of snow-capped peaks. He giggles in cathedrals, and thinks it especially clever to extract a joke out of the Holy Scriptures. He has no regard for place or time. A place of worship is no more to him than a skating rink, and the Lord's Day brings no august memory of resurrection and no sublime suggestion of endless life. Thus reverence vanishes and with it much else, for reverence is the root of all noble idealism, and when the root withers, what shall the flowers do?

Frivolity is a foe to the church. It produces a generation of men and women who are incapable of real Christian work, who have no influence upon character; who are mean and stingy toward all generous enterprises, because they are extravagant upon their own petty tastes and desires. You may keep up a religious show with the help of such people, but you can never carry on the work of a Christian Church, or Y. M. C. A. That requires brains, deep feeling, seriousness of purpose, steadfast of principle.

Frivolity is a foe to commonwealth. It prevents men from taking that deep interest in the welfare of the community that is essential to all pure and wholesome political life. When the people turn from great issues to personal trifles, the race and nation stands on the edge of disaster. The British nation never touched a lower depth of disgrace than on the day when the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames and burned the ships of war which lay at Chatham. And what was the King of England doing? Here is what Macauley tells us: "It was said that on the very day of that great humiliation the King feasted with the ladies of his Seraglis and amused himself with hunting a moth about the supper room. When the sovereign people go hunting butterflies instead of attending to national duties their like humiliations are not far distant."

From the practical point of view it is evident that the frivolous life is a positive menace, but the appeal is not based on or recited as to the mischievousness of frivolity, but on its disgracefulness. It is beneath us. It is the king giving

himself to the pursuit of the dead and the futile. The appeal is to self-respect.

When we see a woman with all the capacity for high and noble things, that inheres in a woman's nature, with a mind that can be stored with the gems of noble thinking, with a heart that can wear those three forms of lovely raiment, the Faith that presses through the curtain of the visible, the hope that drives the dusk from the loneliest path, the Love that never fails, see her giving up her whole nature, every mystic motion of the brain, every red drop in her veins, to such matters as rings, feathers, card-tables, questions of social procedure, how painful and how unnatural it all seems.

And when we see a man with all a man's capacity for reverent emotion, for strong thinking and noble doing surrendering himself to mere trifles, the life of a pleasure seeker, the reading of trashy literature when the great kings of the mind are beckoning him to their high fellowship, the immersion of the Soul in the follies of gambling, flashy amusements and the little tattle of club

and street corner, our hearts are sore with the pity and resentment that such a thing should be. What is it all but a King rushing here and there in pursuit of a flea? It is the worth of man that makes the frivolous life so unnatural and so contemptible.

What is the remedy? Just this, to have some worthy object. We must have. We cannot live without. In the words of Coleridge, "Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve. And life without an object cannot live. The greater the object, the loftier the life. Better be low and seeking high than high and seeking low. Better be a peasant seeking the crown of spiritual manhood than a genius bending with much raked over leaves and chaff. Better be a doorkeeper in the House of your God than to sit in the chief place in the pavilion of a trifling and wasteful life.

Better be a ploughman's son saying from his catechism, and feeling it in his heart, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever," than to be a ploughman's King neglecting duty and chasing the butterflies of passing desire.

## THE PROFIT

You may not profit by my word of cheer,  
The cares you have may weigh upon you still;  
My word of kindness may not dry your tear,  
Nor smooth your path upon the storm-swept hill.

The word of hope I speak may not impart  
To you the courage that I wish it might;  
But, speaking it, I win new strength of heart  
And make the burden I am bearing light.

S. E. Kiser in *Chicago Record-Herald*.



THE LATE ERNEST HOGAN

**E**RNEST HOGAN, famous throughout America and European theatrical circles as the "Unbleached American," is dead.

The victim for many months of tuberculosis, the great comedian died at his home on Brook Avenue, Bronx, New York City, on the morning of May 20. At the funeral services held at St. Benedict, the Moor, his place and popularity with the theatrical profession and the public was

attested by an overwhelming congregation of white and colored mourners and a mass of floral tributes. Interment was at Bowling Green, Ky., his birthplace and former home.

In the death of Ernest Hogan, the stage loses one of its foremost and veteran characters. Though fifty years of age, Mr. Hogan seemed in the midst of his career. He did much for the advancement of the Negro on the stage. Aggressive, unselfish, ever proud of his race, the Negro race sustains a genuine loss in his death.

# The Alabama State Teachers' Association

By JULIA BRADFORD

On April 7th trains from all parts of the State brought teachers to Montgomery, where the twenty-eighth annual session of the Alabama State Teachers' Association was held. From Birmingham alone there were more than sixty teachers. Interest and enthusiasm were written on every face even before the first meeting was held.

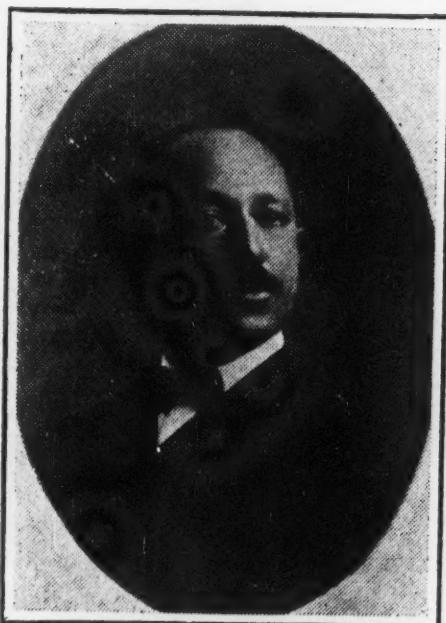
The session was opened by an address of welcome by Hon. N. H. Alexander, Revenue Collector of Montgomery and responded to by Mr. W. J. Echols, principal of one of the Birmingham Public Schools. Then Mr. H. C. Gunnels, State Superintendent of Education, made an interesting and helpful address. Following this address came a stereopticon lecture, "Along Country Roads in an Education Way," by Mr. O. J. Kern, of Rockford, Ill. The views were beautiful and the lecture helpful.

Sessions were held Thursday and Friday without a pause except for lunch and supper. During all of the meetings very interesting and instructive papers were read. There were four hundred and six teachers on the roll, and this meeting brought together some of the best educated people, both black and white, that this country has. While every teacher may not have been interested in everything said, without a doubt all were helped in an individual way.

Mr. J. R. E. Lee, of Tuskegee, the president of the Association, deserves to be congratulated by every colored person, not only in Alabama, but in the United States, for his very successful administration. All of his helpers deserve praise, but it was through him alone that every teacher in the State was notified of this meeting. He was persistent in his effort to make this the best meeting in the history of the Association.



JULIA BRADFORD



U. S. JONES  
Demopolis, Ala., Sec'y of Association

tion, and so it was. It was said by the oldest teachers in attendance that they had never attended such an enthusiastic and inspiring meeting.

The teachers were delighted to have the highest State official, Governor B. B. Comer, speak to them. He spoke Friday morning and was greeted with applause as he entered. When he had finished his address he was extended a standing vote of thanks, and was given the Chautauqua salute. In part Mr. Comer said: "If you have got the manhood in you like Daniel, the Lord will tie the lion's jaws and you will come out all right. You must build your lives on a sound and sure foundation and the battle is more than won." In another place he said: "If I can teach you to go out from here, and raise more cotton with your hands and hearts, then I have taught you a good lesson. Have you any heads so dull, any heads so thick that

you can't make them produce? I don't think you have."

Some of the speakers during the session were Dr. J. H. Dillard, of the Anna Jeanes Fund, New Orleans, La.; W. T. B. Williams, of the Slater Fund; Dr. A. J. Kenney, of Tuskegee; N. B. Young, of Tallahassee, Fla.; J. A. Bray, of Birmingham; Prof. W. B. Patterson, of Montgomery; A. H. Parker, of Birmingham; Misses F. M. Houeer, Katie Savory, Anna Leon Brown, Mary F. Moore. Among the out of State visitors was Mr. J. A. Wilson, principal of the Normal Department of Clark University.

All of the meetings were held at State Normal School except the last, and that was held Friday night at the Auditorium. After an address by Mr. W. T. B. Williams, Rev. J. A. Bray, of Birmingham,



J. E. LEE  
Birmingham, Ala.

introduced Dr. Booker T. Washington.

After an ovation silence reigned complete except an occasional outburst of applause or laughter. All listened intently, so that no word should be lost; all felt swayed by the eloquence and ability of the man before them. He touched every heart and taught each person a lesson. In part, he said: "What we as teachers want to strive to do through education is to so weave the life of the educated Negro into that of the community about us that everybody will feel that education is a help and not a hindrance. The very minute that you can prove to the people of the State that every time you educate a Negro that you make a law-abiding, more industrious and economical citizen, that minute the problem of the education of the Negro is settled."

Most of those present felt that the

barriers had nearly burned away. If such meetings can be held in every State, once in every year, and if the teachers will carry back some helpful lesson to the children under their immediate care, it won't be long before we, as Negroes, can truly boast of the land of the free and the home of the brave. The times are growing better and let us all do our share to speed the coming of the brighter days by putting our best effort into the work called to do. Let not only teachers, but Negroes everywhere be imbued with race pride and produce efficient men and women.

"Let us then be up and doing  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

## Keep Women From Court House

The colored ministers of Charlotte, N. C., recently presented a petition to the mayor of the city asking that some means be devised to prevent so many colored women from hanging around the court house. We congratulate these Charlotte ministers on their wise and timely action. Nothing is so disgusting to those who have the race interests at heart as to see this besotted gang of loose and uncouth women idling around the southern courts. This does not apply entirely to the colored race, but we see

more of them than the others. These women have no special business there but to see the men. Many of them show the effects of drink and are mouthy and obnoxious. The courts are usually run on the calendar system and those women who are witnesses can come on that day and take their seats in the court room. But the stragglers and hangers-on should be dispersed promptly. Let the colored ministers and leaders in other places get busy like the brethren in Charlotte.

# Slavery in Massachusetts

By CLEMENT RICHARDSON

For the reading public generally the history of the accursed institution of slavery in the land of the Puritans as narrated by Clement Richardson in a series of three articles beginning in this issue of the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE will prove abundant thrilling food for thought. For all students of African slavery in America, his contributions on slavery in Massachusetts will have an authoritative value. Mr. Richardson bravely asserts that slavery was not abandoned in Massachusetts so much for "economic reasons" as because of the "religious and humanitarian ideas of the people." With many facts and figures and with faultless, though, we believe, partial reasoning, the Harvard Negro graduate essays to support his assertion. Written in the easy and splendid English of the author, these articles should be preserved not only for the historical facts contained, but as well for the implied tribute paid to the high character of the former citizens of the Old Bay State. The articles appear in the following order: "Slavery in Vogue," "Process of Abolition" and the "Heart of the Puritan."—EDITOR.

**T**HE study of slavery and its abolition in Massachusetts forms a chapter in sociology rather than in history. The early Puritans were by no means humanitarians. They could begin an evening's entertainment on Boston Common, 1681, by hanging one white man and close it by burning two Negroes at the stake. They could send men to the gallows for arsonage, dismissing them with the solemn words, "and may God have mercy on your soul." They could make a gala day at the hanging of a pregnant woman in Worcester. And not even the shadow of Harvard College, under which the question as to whether slavery was natural or not, was hotly debated at the commencement of 1681, could restrain them from burning a Negro man and woman for poisoning their master. Now, the people who can

do this in one century and in the next exhibit a conscience so refined that slavery can nowhere flourish upon the soil, lead us to examine the social mind, so to speak, the attitude toward questions of their day, rather than to view the march of events.

I am aware of the contentions many make that slavery was abandoned in Massachusetts for economic reasons. During the abolition days such contentions were on the lips of many pro-slavery men. Some historians take the ground that no other reasons could be alleged. And John Adams of early times gives it out as his convictions that the poor whites in Massachusetts effected the abolition of slavery by utterly refusing to compete with free labor. It shall be my task in the latter part of this paper to show that, however much truth and fairness there may be in assigning economic

causes, evidences point to quite other causes—to the religious and humanitarian ideas of the people at large.

#### SLAVERY IN VOGUE.

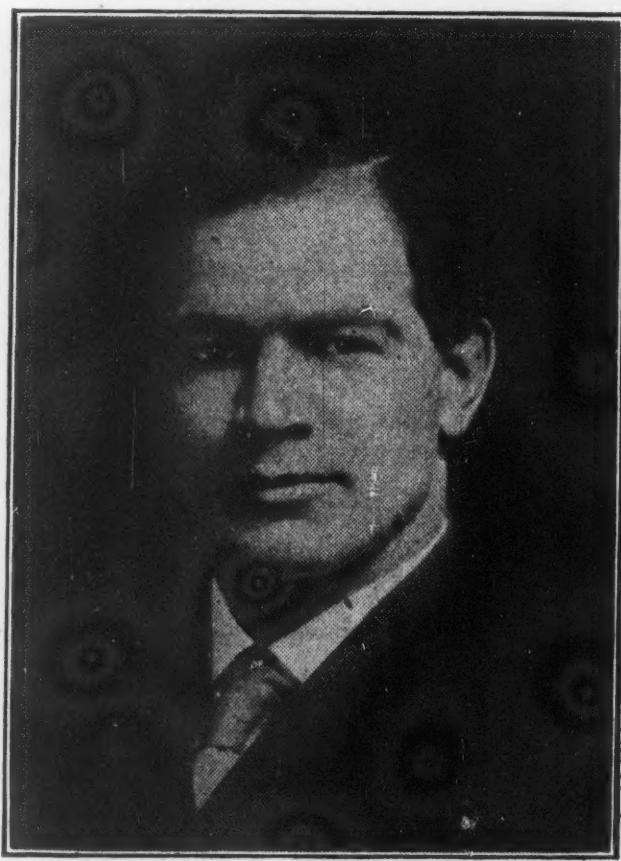
In his celebrated speech of June 28, 1854, Charles Sumner declared that "in all her annals, no persons was ever born a slave on the soil of Massachusetts, and if, in point of fact, the issue of slaves was sometimes held in bondage, it was never by sanction of any statute law of Colony or Commonwealth." Mr. G. H. Moore, from whose invaluable notes I have so copiously helped myself, goes to quite the other extreme in declaring unqualifiedly that slavery was "*established*" in Massachusetts. To Mr. Moore and his "*established*" I shall give further attention in the third division of this paper. I now address myself to the task of showing how far afield was the assertion of Charles Sumner, good and honorable man though he was. I shall show, under the correction of being tedious, I fear, that slavery not only existed by statute law, but by custom, which it is generally acknowledged goes ahead of the law, and by religion, the touchstone of man's conscience.

Three races of slaves existed in Massachusetts. There were, in the first place, white slaves, "occasional offenders against the laws, who were punished by being sold into slavery, or adjudged to servitude." These cases, however, were rare and soon discontinued. There was also an instance of a magistrate endeavoring to sell Quakers who could not pay their fines, but the case miscarried, and white slavery banished.

The second race to be enslaved was

that of the Indian, and with the enslaving of the red man, "the institution clearly and distinctly appears." Unlike the white slaves, who were criminals, the Indians were slaves captured in war. Early in 1637 we find the first movements of the white man and Indian which brought on Indian slavery. In this year Governor Winslow wrote the following letter to Winthrop:

"The Peacoats follow their fishing and planting as if they had no enemies. Their women of esteem and children are gone to Long Island with a strong guard at Peacoat. They profess there you shall find them, and, as they were there born and bred, there their bones shall be buried and rot in spite of the English.



CLEMENT RICHARDSON

But if the Lord be on our side, their brag will soon fall."

Apparently the Lord was on the side of the English, for we find Winthrop stating in the same year: "We have now slain and taken in all about seven hundred." The same writer in a letter to Governor Bradford, July 28, 1637, rejoices in "Ye Lords greate mercies towards us in our prevailing against his and our enemies." That the men were made slaves is equally clear, for the same writer continues: "Of these we send the male children to Bermuda by Mr. William Pierce, and ye women and ye maid children are disposed of in ye townes." Hugh Peters of Salem, in his own and Mr. Endicott's behalf, sent, "having heard of a dividence of women and children in the bay," wrote to John Winthrop, asking for some "boys for the Bermuda." Roger Williams was at this time in Providence. In July of 1637 he writes this letter to John Winthrop: "It having again pleased the Most High to put into your hands another miserable drove of Adams' degenerate seede and our brethren by nature. I am bold (if I may not offend in it), to request the keeping and bringing up of one of the children." And so, by shipping some of the Indians away and selling them in the West Indies for "cotton, tobacco, and Negroes," and distributing others here and there, the Puritans soon got the red men in chains. But the Indian made a poor bondsman. He was unwilling to toil, he was insolent, he was expensive to keep, and he was not to be trusted. Hence arose the practice of

sending away the Indians and selling them for the wares and Negroes mentioned by John Winthrop. And this practice was kept alive and growing until the spirit of the Indians was nearly broken, and his race's noblest blood spilled, which occurred when in 1676 King Phillip was captured and killed, his followers hanged, and his wife and son sold as slaves in the Bermudas.

The third race to realize enslavement in Massachusetts was the Negro race. It is generally agreed that their bondage here began also in 1639, for in this year Josselyn, who was travelling in New England, saw two Negro slaves on Noddle's Island at the home of one Maverick. Maverick seems to have gained for himself a certain amount of lasting infamy by seeking "to have a breed of slaves," and, be it said to the honor of his black slave princess, that she would in no wise submit to the practice, but kicked the Negro man away, even though the master had ordered the latter to go unto her "will'd she, nill'd she." How fast Negro slavery gained its footing authorities fail to say. It is definitely stated that Mr. Pierce "in the Salem ship 'Desire' brought 'Negroes.'" Now and then, it seems, a cargo of women and children was unloaded and sold, the sales varying from 20 to 40 pounds per human being. It is quite clear that the institution grew and was recognized and protected in every branch of society.

(To be continued.)



## IN THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

### That Commission to Liberia

After considerable stir and sensational attempts to stir up race hatred by some of the press correspondents, and in spite of the prophesy that it would not sail, because a colored man was to be one of the numbers, the Commission of Americans, appointed by the President, Mr. E. J. Scott, Dr. George Sale and R. P. Falkner, sailed from New York, April 19th, on three United States naval vessels, en route to the Negro Republic of Liberia, for the purpose of investigating the condition of affairs there, and bringing back the facts to the Government at Washington. Liberian affairs are reported to be in bad shape, and rather than allow some other nation to step in and take charge President Roosevelt conceived the idea of giving aid from America. President Taft is carrying out the work begun by President Roosevelt.

Liberia was founded by the American Colonization Society in 1816 as a place of refuge and safety for the colored people of America who had been set free by their masters. Jehadi Ashmore, assisted by Scott Carey, planted the colony.

It is a fine example of the good feeling in the American nation toward the Negro people that the Government at Washington should become interested enough to send out this commission of inquiry, and it should serve to encourage every Negro to feel that in spite of all the prejudice in the country the Government at Washington is still friendly disposed to the race.

\* \* \*

### "Take a Drink; Lose a Job"

Vice-President George L. Potter, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has issued new orders concerning drinking by employees, especially trainmen. The order says that any man who enters a bar-room loses his job, whether on duty or off. This looks rather drastic, but nevertheless it shows the tendency of the times, which is that people holding responsible places must keep sober. We can't run railroads with drunken crews, we can't run any business with drunks. This applies to all races, but especially any colored people who expect to compete in the race of life must keep sober. We are confronted with all sorts of barriers that come from others, like

prejudice and lack of confidence, but when we go to our jobs with red eyes and whiskey bloated countenances that is an obstacle we put in our own way. Let the race take warning and not injure our individual and racial prospects by the drink habit.

\* \* \*

#### Pistol "Toting" Road Builders

The discussion of the question of good roads by the various bodies that are considering these subjects reminds us that the chain gangs of the South are making excellent roads in that section at very little cost for labor. In some sections prisoners whose sentences fall under ten years are sent to "the roads." Some of the young chaps who find it hard to stop sowing their wild oats spend about two-thirds of their lives on the roads. They come out and go back again, repeating the dose as often as necessary to the peace and good order of the State. It is hard for them to give up their pistol "toting" and "crap shooting," and consequently the counties where they live get a vast deal of free labor. Would it not be well for these individuals to stop and consider for a moment what they are doing. They are bent on enjoying themselves, but certainly they are paying a dear price for their pleasure. They not only disgrace themselves, but the good name and reputation of the whole race suffers because of their conduct.

Here is more work for the preachers and teachers, and it is by far a more laudable task than building imposing church edifices or gathering in great numbers of individuals into the churches

whose religious faith and morals are weak, but who are wanted to swell the size of the collections.

\* \* \*

#### Return to the Soil

Rabbi Hirsch, the most popular, learned and most influential Jewish Rabbi in Chicago, from his pulpit in Sinai Temple Easter Sunday morning, sounded a note of warning to his brethren in the faith that sounds very much like an echo of some of Dr. Booker T. Washington's utterances in their wisdom and timeliness:

"Many of us are beginning to feel that the old Jewish morality with all that it means is passing away," he said. "Delinquency has taken on an almost unmentionable phase and vice in its most shameless form has taken root in the congested districts in which the Jews gather.

"The bent toward city life of the Jews during the years of persecution has brought this condition about and they must return to the soil to be purified. The Jews were the original farmers, but the persecution they have been subjected to had driven them into colonies in the cities and forced them to become the captains of trade.

"If we were to make the proper effort we might work a great change in the mind and body of our brothers. We must help the Jews to return to the soil. It is of the utmost importance."

\* \* \*

#### Negro Lawyer Succeeds Nicely

Mr. D. W. Perkins, who recently located in Knoxville, Tenn., is spoken very highly of by the *Knoxville Review*. He is reported to have won high praise from the bench and bar of Knoxville in his conduct of a murder case which he won. Mr. Perkins is a graduate of Shaw University, under Counsellor E. A. Johnson, who was formerly dean there.

## RASTUS' SOLILOQUY

By ROY REGINALD

Lo'd ha' mussy, I is free,  
Free jes' lack ole massa is;  
Jes' is loos' is I kin be,  
Risin' atter de sun dun riz.

Jes' Kai' tellyer how I feels,—  
Nebber didn't feel disser way buffo',  
Kinder tremblin' o'er me steals,  
Whar de cums fum, I dunno.

Reckon de is freedom's chills,  
What ole massa haves, yer kno',  
When he tecks da' "jug er pills,"  
What so hot, hit meck 'im blow.

Boun' ter git me sum da' stuff,  
Now I is free an' kait not 'zis,  
Den, yer see, I kin wuck de bluff,  
What ole massa wucks on miss.

Got mer larnin' fum mer boss,  
Graduate fum massa school;  
Teck his rule, yer show cum cross,  
Coars' hit aint no "Golden Rule."

Anna Liza jes' lack miss,  
Haves de fits ef I stays out late,—  
Starts an' hollers, "Who is dis?"  
Den say suppen ner 'bout de "Fates."

Den I loves, "I is at de lodge  
Nisherashun, whav I is bin  
Raisin' men"—dats massa's dodge,  
An' hit wucks des is slick ez sin.

But, thanky goodness, I is free,  
Me an' ole massa jes' erlack;  
Man fur man, now, don't yer see?  
'Cepin' he's white an' I is black.

Eben dat don't cut no ice,  
In er lan' whar all is free;  
Fur de black specks on de dice,  
Wins fur ole massa an' wins fur me.

Thanky goodness, Linkum sot  
All de cullud peoples free;  
Hope ter de Lo'd de 'joys dere lot  
Anna Jane, lack we.

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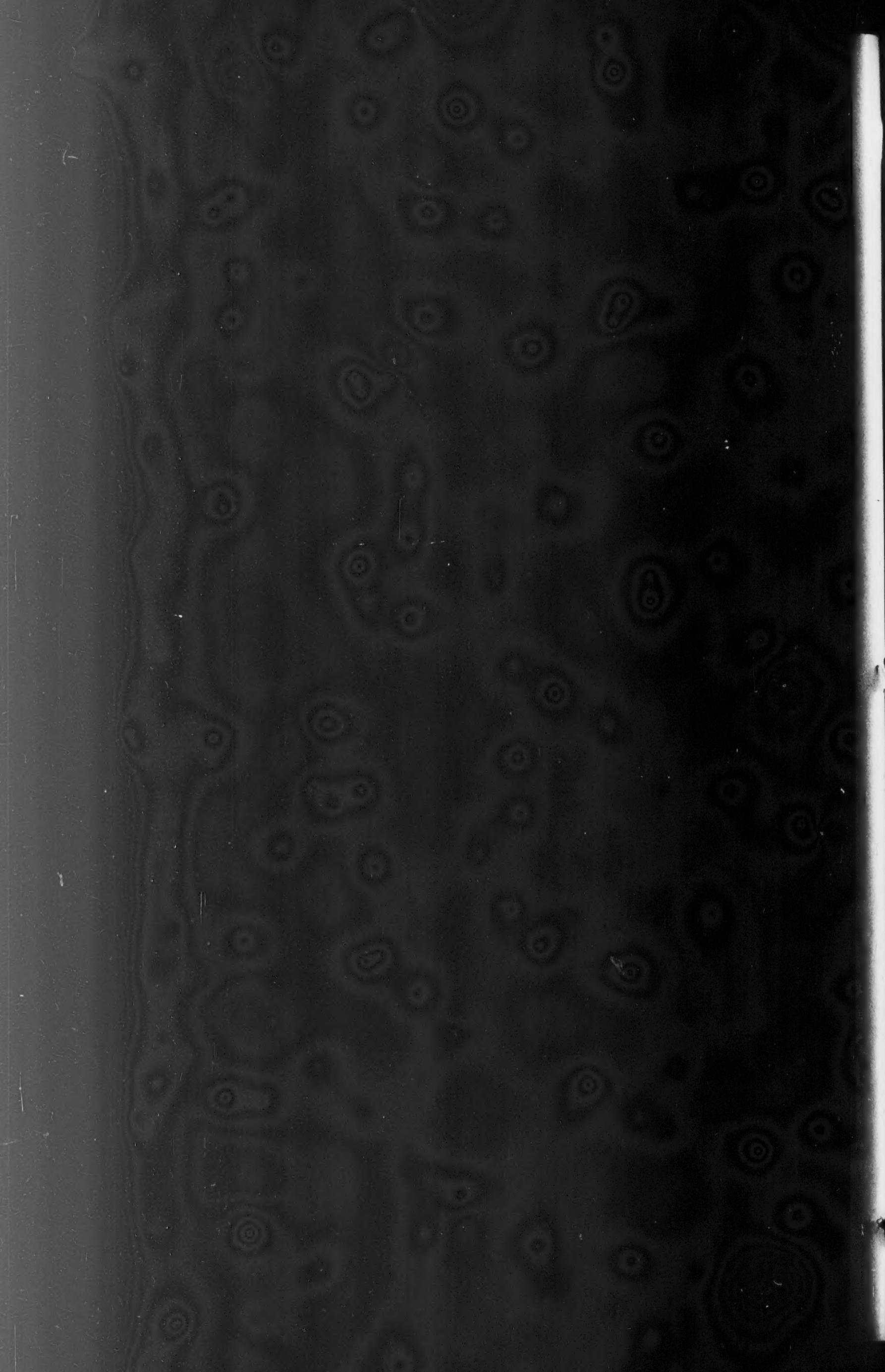
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